February 8, 1999 49145 $3.50 U.S., $4.50 Canadian

THE SENATE TRIAL: Buckley • Nordlinger • O'Beirne • Turley

NATIONAL REVIEW

IS sex STILL SEXY?

CHRISTOPHER BUCKLEY
ROB LONG
JOHN O'SULLIVAN
RAMESH PONNURU
LISA SCHIFFREN

06 >
49145
0 931585 3

www.nationalreview.com

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

We've cared for generations.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

We're Pfizer.
We've been helping
people since 1849.
We refuse to believe the
ills of the world
can't be cured. We search
day in, day out, year in,
year out, looking for
treatments for diabetes,
for a cure for cancer, for
new antibiotics to fight
deadly new strains of
bacteria. We've worked
with a passion for a century
and a half. And today, we're
introducing drugs that will
become household names now,
and in the next century.
We've been in business for 150 years.
We're in business for life.

Pfizer 150

Life is our life's work.

www.pfizer.com

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NATIONAL REVIEW

FEBRUARY 8, 1999 VOL. LI, NO. 2

ARTICLES

21 Damage Estimate *by Ramesh Ponnuru*
Whom does the scandal hurt most?

22 Trial & Error *by Jonathan Turley*
The problem with the Senate's bipartisan deal.

25 Neo Con *by Jay Nordlinger*
The disappointing career of Sen. Moynihan.

28 Impeachment Test *by Kate O'Beirne*
GOP presidential candidates show their mettle.

30 Invincible Ignorance *by Richard Lowry*
Why George W. is vulnerable.

32 Program Upgrade *by John J. Miller*
Is Bill Gates moving right?

38 The Highest Crime *by Christopher Buckley*
So much sex, so little that's sexy.

41 Big Sister *by John O'Sullivan*
What Orwell and Huxley teach us about sex.

42 Sexual Hang-up *by Ramesh Ponnuru*
The most important issue in American politics.

44 Single Minded *by Lisa Schiffren*
Why do unmarried women worry so much about sex?

46 Incomplete Pass *by Rob Long*
President Clinton's affair to forget.

BOOKS, ARTS & MANNERS

Family Man—*Jeffrey Hart,* ***page 51***
Ex-Friends, *by Norman Podhoretz*

About Face—*Jay Nordlinger,* ***page 52***
Face-Time, *by Erik Tarloff*

Generation Excellent—*David Brudnoy,* ***page 53***
The Greatest Generation, *by Tom Brokaw*

Click, Clack—*Sarah E. Hinlicky,* ***page 54***
What Our Mothers Didn't Tell Us, *by Danielle Crittenden*

Saving Isaiah—*Martin Sieff,* ***page 55***
Isaiah Berlin: A Life, *by Michael Ignatieff*

Publishing: Help Yourself—*David Klinghoffer on self-help books,* ***page 56***

Film: Some Rosy, Some Rugged—*John Simon on* Patch Adams, A Simple Plan, *and* You've Got Mail, ***page 58***

Art: Still Lives—*James Gardner on the Whitney's Duane Hanson retrospective,* ***page 60***

SECTIONS

4 Letters
6 For the Record
9 The Week
48 Help!
50 Letter from Al
62 On the Right
64 The Misanthrope's Corner

WORLD WIDE WEB
http://www.nationalreview.com

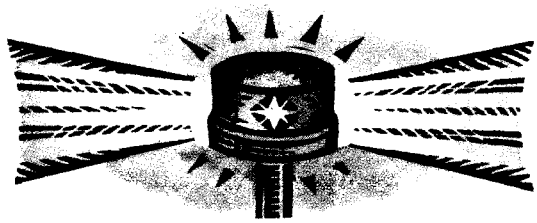
NATIONAL REVIEW (ISSN: 0028-0038) is published bi-weekly, except for the first issue in January, by National Review, Inc., at 215 Lexington Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Periodicals postage paid at New York, N.Y., and additional mailing offices.

©National Review, Inc., 1999.

Address all editorial mail, manuscripts, letters to the editor, etc., to Editorial Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, 215 Lexington Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Address all subscription mail orders, changes of address, undeliverable copies, etc., to Circulation Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, P. O. Box 668, Mount Morris, Ill. 61054-0668; phone, 815-734-1232, Monday–Friday, 7:30 A.M. to 10:30 P.M. Eastern time. Adjustment requests should be accompanied by a current mailing label or facsimile. Direct classified advertising inquiries to: Classifieds Dept., National Review, 215 Lexington Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016 or call 212-679-7330. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to Circulation Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, P. O. Box 668, Mount Morris, Ill. 61054-0668. Printed in the U.S.A.

RATES: $59.00 a year (25 issues). Add $21.50 for Canada and other foreign subscriptions, per year. (All payments in U.S. currency.) The editors cannot be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts unless return postage or, better, a stamped self-addressed envelope is enclosed. Opinions expressed in signed articles do not necessarily represent the views of the editors.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



ATTENTION K-MART SHOPPERS: $8 BARGAINS!

Shopping for an Internet broker? Ameritrade offers everything you're looking for under one roof. Sure, our $8 Internet market trades are appealing, but they're just part of the package. Limit and stop orders are only $5 more. Buy or sell Kmart shares and you can choose from three ways to trade (including a real-live human being). We also offer a great selection of over 7,000 mutual funds and all the research you need. So give us a call and open your account. You don't need a flashing blue light to see that this is one great deal.

- ✔ $8 Internet market trades
- ✔ Broker-assisted trades $18
- ✔ Limit and stop orders are only $5 more
- ✔ Only $2,000 to open your account
- ✔ Industry-leading website security system
- ✔ Over 24 years experience

Ameritrade®
THE WAY TO TRADE. PERIOD.

Call 1-800-313-8701, visit us at www.ameritrade.com or AOL keyword: Ameritrade

Member NASD/SIPC. $2,000 minimum equity required to open your account. SIPC account protection is $500,000, including $100,000 cash claims. An additional $24.5 million in securities protection is provided. ©1999 Ameritrade. Kmart is a registered trademark of Kmart Corporation.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NATIONAL REVIEW

February 8 issue; printed January 20

EDITOR
Richard Lowry

Senior Editors
Linda Bridges / Richard Brookhiser
Priscilla L. Buckley / Jeffrey Hart
David Klinghoffer / Peter W. Rodman

Managing Editor Jay Nordlinger
Washington Editor Kate O'Beirne
Articles Editor Ramesh Ponnuru
Executive Editor Matthew Carolan
National Political Reporter John J. Miller
Art Director Luba Kolomytseva
Associate Editor Cristopher Rapp
Executive Secretary Frances Bronson
Assistant to Mr. Buckley Tony Savage
Proofreader Julie Crane

Editorial Associates
Patricia B. Bozell / Kate Dwyer
Kathryn Jean Lopez / James Panero
Jane Buckley Smith

Research Director Dorothy McCartney
Librarian John J. Virtes
Research Assistant Russell Jenkins

Contributing Editors
Elliott Abrams / Hadley Arkes
Tom Bethell / Robert H. Bork / Peter Brimelow
Eliot A. Cohen / Brian Crozier / John Derbyshire
W. H. von Dreele / Andrew Ferguson
Neal B. Freeman / David Gelernter
Jonah Goldberg / John Hillen / Florence King
Lawrence Kudlow / Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn
Anthony Lejeune / Mark R. Levin
Rob Long / Allan H. Meltzer / Stephen Moore
Richard John Neuhaus / Matthew Scully
John Simon / Ralph de Toledano
Ernest van den Haag / Vin Weber
Timothy J. Wheeler

PRESIDENT
Thomas L. Rhodes

EDITORS-AT-LARGE
Wm. F. Buckley Jr. / John O'Sullivan

Contributors
Digby Anderson / Aram Bakshian Jr.
Baloo / James Bowman / David Brudnoy
Richard C. Carpenter / Donald Coxe
John R. Coyne Jr. / Dinesh D'Souza
John Dizard / M. Stanton Evans
Chester E. Finn Jr. / James Gardner
Roman Genn / George Gilder
Victor Gold / Charles R. Kesler
James Jackson Kilpatrick / Jan Lukas
D. Keith Mano / Charles Burton Marshall
Forrest McDonald / Thomas Molnar
Joe Mysak / Michael Novak
Alan Reynolds / Paul Craig Roberts
Selden Rodman / William A. Rusher
Radek Sikorski / Tracy Lee Simmons
Terry Teachout / S. L. Varnado
Taki Theodoracopulos / Chilton Williamson Jr.

Associate Publisher Jack Fowler
Assistant to the Publisher Kevin Longstreet
Assistant to the President Barbara Nowack
Chief Financial Officer James X. Kilbridge
Accounting Manager Galina Veygman
Treasurer Rose Flynn DeMaio
Business Services
Alex Batey / Vicki Manca
Irina Dynkevich
Circulation Director Theresa Maloney
Circulation Manager Jason Ng

WORLD WIDE WEB http://www.nationalreview.com
MAIN NUMBER 212-679-7330
SUBSCRIPTION INQUIRIES 815-734-1232
WASHINGTON OFFICE 202-543-9226
ADVERTISING SALES 212-679-7330
Advertising Director Scott F. Budd
Advertising Manager Todd Westover
Account Representative Kerin Coyle
Detroit Rep. Joseph J. Colucci 248-626-9918

PUBLISHER
Edward A. Capano

■ LETTERS ■

CONSERVATIVE MIND

Charles Kesler ["All American?," Dec. 7] asserts that traditionalist conservatism is politically unviable because it is "alienated . . . from the roots of its own—that is, the American—political tradition." In so doing he misrepresents the thought of Russell Kirk, a decades-long contributor to NR, and misleads readers as to the nature of Kirk's understanding of tradition and traditionalist conservatism.

According to Kesler, Kirk was wrong to view the War for Independence as a "conservative restoration of colonial prerogatives." Such a view leaves out commitment to the "natural rights of man," Kesler argues, and implicitly rejects "American principles" of natural law, including "equality of citizens under law, free employment opportunity, [and] other aspects of tax policy."

All American conservatives should agree that there exist abiding principles that properly guide our conduct. Kesler's problem with Kirk stems from Kirk's failure to see all of these principles in any one act or phrase, even the phrase "all men are created equal."

For Kirk no political ideology can take the place of enduring, generally accepted moral principles—which have come down to us through the Ten Commandments. Moreover, no rationalist reading of natural law can eliminate our need to integrate reason with experience in striving to abide by the Golden Rule in our given circumstances.

Tradition, for Kirk, does not supplant natural law; it helps us know and follow natural law. Thus it is crucial to point out that the English common-law tradition is not a "useful fiction" but an historical fact colonists brought with them to America.

Equality under the law, rule by consent of the governed, due process, and other common-law rights were, as the Declaration of Independence states, American inheritances—concrete historical facts—endangered by British colonial government. Americans broke with Britain and set up a limited government to, in Kirk's words, "conserve the order and the justice and the freedom to which Americans had grown accustomed."

Attempts to subordinate cultural tradition to political ideology spell disaster, because societies are held together by norms—enduring standards of behavior that themselves are natural laws. Ideologies require that we create new norms to fit new political structures—something we cannot possibly achieve. In the fight against ideologies of the Left, conservatism cannot succeed by creating its own. Such tactics can bring only disappointment. Far better, then, to follow Kirk's advice and work to reinvigorate the historically rooted traditions that make it possible for us to lead good lives.

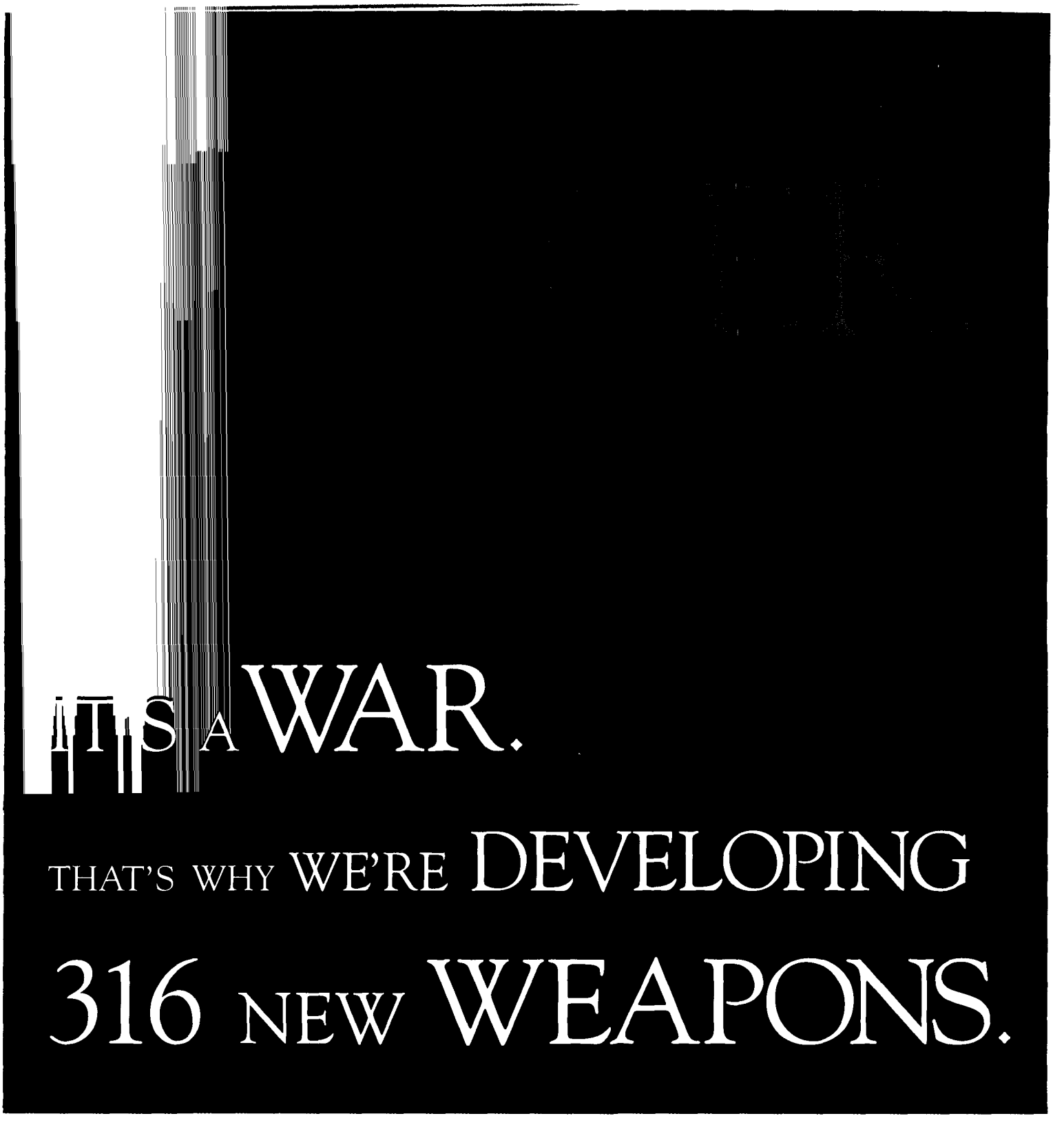
Bruce Frohnen
& Timothy Goeglein
Washington, D.C.

On the overall character of Russell Kirk's thought, I respectfully disagree with Messrs. Frohnen and Goeglein. Kirk was not a natural-law thinker who happened to emphasize tradition. He was a self-proclaimed "traditionalist" who occasionally mentioned the natural law. The difficulties with such traditionalism are well illustrated in the above letter. At one point, the writers equate the Ten Commandments with "enduring, generally accepted moral principles," but surely the Ten Commandments are not valid or good merely because they are "generally accepted." Yet Frohnen and Goeglein go on to admit that all "societies are held together by norms—enduring standards of behavior that themselves are natural law." Cannibal societies, slaveholding societies, Communist societies—all are held together by "norms," but that does not make these societies right or in accordance with natural law or with the Ten Commandments. Not all "historically rooted traditions . . . make it possible for us to lead good lives." Some do and some don't, and to know the difference we need a standard that transcends tradition.

Nor was the American Revolution merely about restoring "colonial prerogatives." As Alexander Hamilton, no egalitarian ideologue, put it in 1775: "The sacred rights of mankind are not to be rummaged for among old parchments or musty records. They are written, as with a sunbeam, in the whole volume of human nature, by the hand of the divinity itself, and can never be erased or obscured by mortal power," including, I might add, by the power of tradition.

Messrs. Frohnen and Goeglein fall into contradictions when they try to elevate tradition above reason, undermining (without intending to, of course) the reasonable traditions that all American conservatives are trying to defend and restore. —CK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



America's pharmaceutical companies are developing 316 new medicines to fight cancer—the second leading cause of death in the United States. Gene therapies, "magic bullet" antibodies, and light-activated medicines are all new weapons in the high-tech, high-stakes war against cancer. Pharmaceutical company researchers have already discovered medicines that are allowing more and more cancer survivors to say, "I won the battle." We hope one day we can all say, "We won the war."

America's Pharmaceutical Companies

Leading the way in the search for cures

www.searchforcures.org

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

■ FOR THE RECORD ■

■ *CBS News* poll: 66 percent say President **Clinton** should finish term instead of resign. . . . Harris poll: 62 percent believe moral values will get worse by 2020. . . . In letter to GOP consultant **Craig Shirley**, smut publisher **Larry Flynt** denies ever giving money to President Clinton or Democrats—but Federal Election Commission records reveal $10,000 campaign donation in 1996. . . . Subtle message? Chief Justice **Rehnquist** wears own robe for Senate trial, using gold-striped design inspired by costume of **Lord Chancellor** in local production of **Gilbert** and **Sullivan's** *Iolanthe* in 1995. *Philadelphia Inquirer* prints Lord Chancellor song lines: "The constitutional guardian I / Of pretty young wards in Chancery / All very agreeable girls—and none / Are over the age of twenty-one." Later: "There'd be the deuce to pay in the Lords / If I fell in love with one of my wards!" Rehnquist spokesman assures skeptics, "There is no meaning to it."

■ CNN poll shows **Elizabeth Dole** leading Texas Gov. **George W. Bush** for GOP presidential nomination by one point in New Hampshire. . . . Bush still leads **Gore** in 2000 match-up, but lead shrinks dramatically since October. Dole also shown to have edge on Gore. . . . "In an apparent snub to native son **Steve Forbes**," writes New Jersey's *Star-Ledger*, state leaders fly to Austin for meeting with Bush. . . . At Heritage Foundation, **Dan Quayle** slams **Bob Dole** without naming him: "In 1996, only my Senate colleague Senator **[Richard] Lugar** was willing to put foreign policy front and center." Also alludes to Clinton Administration: "No more on-the-job training." . . . Sen. **John Ashcroft** (R., Mo.) surprises supporters with announcement he won't pursue presidency. Eagle Forum's **Phyllis Schlafly**, an Ashcroft supporter, besieged by other candidates seeking endorsement. She says there won't be one soon: "For a lot of us, there wasn't a good second choice." . . . As ex-Sen. **Bill Bradley** (N.J.) jumps in race for Democratic nomination, Sen. **Paul Wellstone** (Minn.) begs off.

■ Rep. **Martin Meehan** (D., Mass.), leading advocate of campaign-finance reform, calls 1992 pledge to voters limiting himself to eight years in House "a mistake." . . . **Janet Reno** becomes second-longest-serving Attorney General. . . . Housing and Urban Development Secretary **Andrew Cuomo** announces he won't seek seat of retiring Sen. **Daniel Patrick Moynihan**. . . . For the first time, New York Mayor **Rudy Giuliani** suggests school vouchers for poor kids. . . . As Minnesota Gov. **Jesse Ventura** plans sales-tax rebate averaging $779 per family, NBC to air TV movie on him in May. . . . Maryland Gov. **Parris Glendening** (D.) reneges on campaign promise to accelerate already-scheduled tax cut and hints at hiking state gas tax.

■ Following criticism from Capital Research Center, Catholic Campaign for Human Development revokes $31,250 grant to Calif.-based Center for Third World Organizing because it supports abortion rights. "[The] new policy attempts to silence pro-choice, pro-birth control, and queer or queer-supportive staff and members of any organization they fund," complains CTWO newsletter. . . . American Association of Retired Persons changes official name to acronym AARP, allows individuals as young as 50 to join ranks. One-third of current members have jobs. . . . Conservative confab The Weekend (né Dark Ages Weekend) rescheduled to Labor Day in 1999 because too many attendants fearing Y2K mishaps refuse to travel around next New Year's. . . . Underreported fact: There were no fatal U.S. airline accidents in 1998, first year without deaths in commercial airline history. . . . Clinton administration mulls airport-ticket tax increase.

■ Immigrants rise to 9.8 percent of U.S. population, reports Center for Immigration Studies. . . . General Accounting Office survey shows that Americans by 65 percent to 27 percent margin would prefer new dollar coin to feature Statue of Liberty instead of **Lewis** and **Clark** guide **Sacajawea**, but Treasury Department says Secretary **Robert Rubin** won't change choice of Sacajawea. . . . Louisiana has highest rate of weekly church attendance (56 percent) and Washington state has lowest (29 percent), according to Gallup poll.

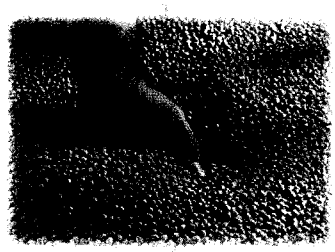
■ Edinburgh University removes bust of novelist **Arthur Koestler** after biographer alleges he was violent toward women. . . . Former Soviet leader **Mikhail Gorbachev** says he lost all his money in Moscow financial crisis and his foundation's workers have not been paid in months. . . . In annual survey, Freedom House reports that record 66.5 percent of world population lives in free or partly free societies. . . . Chinese province of Shandong bans unnecessary ultrasound testing in effort to reduce sex-selective abortions. . . . Teachers in Flers, France, hold one-day strike over decision to let Muslim girls wear traditional Islamic head scarves to junior high. . . . As Japanese officials warn of new North Korean missile tests, left-wing newspaper *Asahi Shimbun* reports negotiations move forward to return U.S. nuclear weapons to Japan. . . . Italian defense-industry executive tells *Armed Forces Journal International* about preparing for millennium bug: "In Italy, Y2K will not present any special problem. Things are always going wrong here, so it will be nothing unusual."

■ House Majority Leader **Dick Armey** announces new Internet poll (www.freedom.gov) asking Americans "Which tax annoys you most?" Choices include income tax, marriage-penalty tax, sales tax, death tax, payroll tax, capital-gains tax, property taxes, car taxes, and gas tax. Unfortunately, "all of the above" is not an option. **NR**

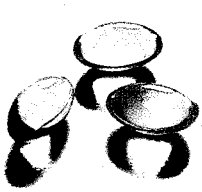
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Do what comes naturally.

The best things in life just seem to come naturally. Like natural Vitamin E from ADM.



Made from the healthy goodness of soybeans, natural Vitamin E is significantly more effective than synthetic brands. In fact, studies have shown it can help you maintain cardiovascular health, as well as a healthy cholesterol level. Natural Vitamin E also helps support the immune system,



strengthening your body's own disease-fighting abilities. And some say it can even help you feel younger, longer. Look for natural Vitamin E in leading brands of dietary supplements. It might just be the most natural choice you'll ever make.

Supermarket to the World

ADM

www.admworld.com

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

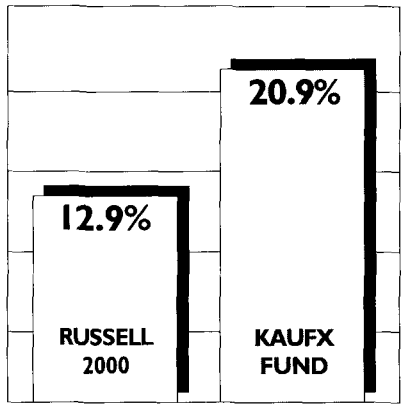
The Kaufmann Fund®

A Small Company Aggressive Growth Fund

#1 Small Company Fund for the Ten Years Ending 12/31/98

*Out of 70 equity funds for the period of 12/31/88 - 12/31/98, per Lipper Analytical Services**

Ten-Year Compounded Annual Return



Kaufmann Five-Year Return.. **15.4%**
Kaufmann One-Year Return.. **0.7%**

Periods ending 12/31/98
per Lipper Analytical Services

"Tough Guys Finish FIRST"

— Mutual Funds Magazine

Auriana and Utsch, Portfolio Co-managers
combine over 65 years of Wall Street experience

"One of the Best Funds for Retirement"

— Fortune's Retirement Guide

For a prospectus call: **(800) 666-9233**

24 hours per day, 7 days a week

IRA

* 5-year rank 50 out of 211 funds, 1-year 254 out of 638 funds, per Lipper Analytical Services, period ending 12/31/98.

Returns for periods shown are historical and include change in share price, reinvestment of dividends and capital gains. There is a 0.2% redemption fee (not reflected in returns) and a 12b-1 fee in excess of 0.25%. The Russell 2000 Index consists of 2,000 small and mid-cap, publicly traded companies. For more complete information including charges, expenses, and risks on small-cap stocks please read the prospectus carefully before you invest. The performance cited represents past performance which is not indicative of future results; investment performance fluctuates; fund shares when redeemed may be worth more or less than original cost. The prices of small company stocks are generally more volatile than those of large companies.

The Kaufmann Fund, Inc.

140 East 45th Street, New York, NY 10017 • Fax (212) 661-2266

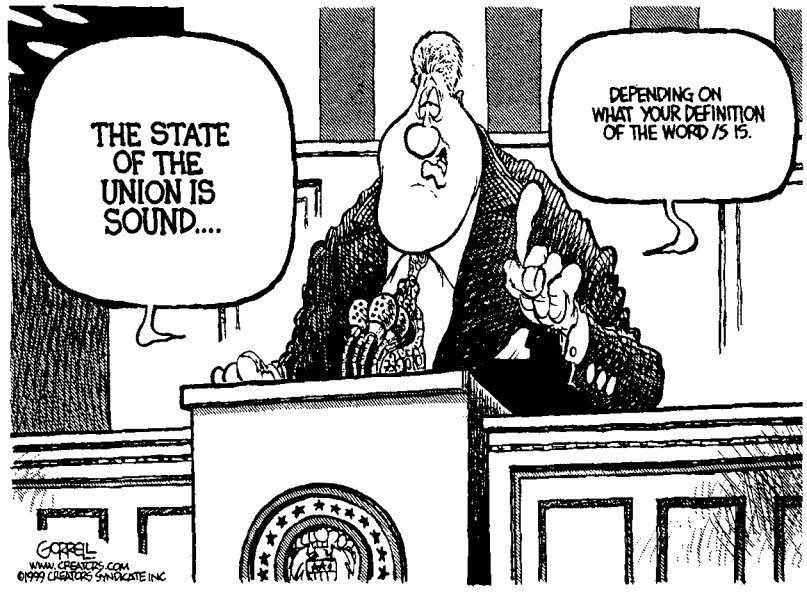
Internet - http://www.kaufmann.com Prodigy - Jump Kaufmann AOL - Keyword: Kaufmann

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE WEEK

■ It is indeed the case that Sen. Trent Lott and Rep. Bob Barr have made a practice of addressing a group focused on white self-interest and white power. One day, if this kind of thing spreads, we may have a Congressional Black Caucus.

■ The reasons for calling witnesses before the Senate have to do with law, theater, and propriety. This is a legal process. A judge presides. The senators have sworn oaths (more sincerely, one hopes, than Bill Clinton). Matters of fact as well as of law and politics are on the table, and key testimony has been vague or contradictory. It requires examination. Why did the president give the State of the Union address in person? To make an effect. For the same reason, the key figures in this case should appear in the flesh, not in ring binders. The effect they may have is unpredictable. The sleek Vernon Jordan, the un-sleek Betty Currie, might invoke respect or pity. But many of the House managers are former prosecutors, and many of the senators are lawyers, capable of seeing through evasive testimony—so long as they can see it. Can the Senate afford not to hear witnesses in this case? Senators hear from all kinds of people—number crunchers, tobacco executives, nominees to the Corporation for Public Broadcasting. They should indeed question those whose testimony may bring down a president.


THE STATE OF THE UNION IS SOUND....
DEPENDING ON WHAT YOUR DEFINITION OF THE WORD IS IS.
GORRELL
WWW.CREATORS.COM
©1999 CREATORS SYNDICATE INC

■ In the February *American Spectator*, Byron York writes, in effect, an extended brief for calling Jordan. In a painstaking dissection of Jordan's grand-jury testimony, York demonstrates how Jordan's account is contradicted by Lewinsky's more believable—and more often corroborated—testimony on important matters like whether Jordan helped her prepare her affidavit denying a sexual relationship with the president and whether he advised her to throw away possible evidence of an affair. Jordan's testimony is shot through with laughable cover stories and memory lapses. He maintains that a lunch with Bruce Lindsey the day Matt Drudge broke the Lewinsky story had to do with Lindsey's post-White House career plans. Jordan recalls nothing about a frenzied flurry of calls to the White House and Lewinsky the next day. Before it renders a judgment in the Lewinsky case, the Senate should try to jog his memory.

■ Picking up where Barney Frank left off in the House, Iowa senator Tom Harkin has made himself the court jester of the Senate impeachment trial. After taking an oath to judge the case impartially, and before hearing the presentations of House managers, Harkin pronounced the case against the president a "pile of dung." Then, he rose during the proceeding to object to the idea that senators are just "jurors"—instead of "judges and jurors"—in the trial. Harkin is correct, of course, but his motivation is clearly to prepare the ground for jury nullification in the Senate. "We are not just triers of fact and law," Harkin explained. Translation: "We can ignore the facts and law." Asked on one TV program whether the president committed grand-jury perjury, Harkin maintained, "I have seen no evidence, and there is no specific allegation." But Harkin has seen no evidence because he—like many other Democrats—doesn't want to look. Confronted with a "pile of dung" of the president's creation, he is determined simply to avert his eyes.

■ Harkin, together with Sen. Paul Wellstone (D., Minn.), is pushing to make public the Senate's final deliberations on the president's removal. This departure from the Senate's rules would require a two-thirds vote to pass, so it probably won't happen—nor should it. The case for public deliberations is superficially appealing—openness, sunshine, C-SPAN, etc.—but TV cameras encourage grandstanding, while a private session would give senators the freedom to grapple with the case without worrying about partisan appearances. This is why Harkin the partisan favors deliberations broadcast on CNN, while Sen. Robert Byrd (D., W.V.), who takes his con-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JUST $30* A TRADE WITH REAL LIVE BROKERS WHO'LL EXPLAIN ALMOST ANYTHING.

*$30 cost based on broker-assisted equity trade of 100 shares; base cost of $28 flat fee plus 2 cents a share. Commission for Internet trades is $29.95 flat fee, up to 1000 shares, plus 2 cents a share over 1000. † Free trades limited to equity trades are not to exceed $100 in commission each. Orders executed during normal market hours. $5,000 minimum equity to open account. Member NASD/SIPC. Account protection up to $25 million. SIPC protection is $500,000 with $100,000 for cash claims. $24.5 million additional protection provided. © 1999 Accutrade Inc.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ACCUTRADE
Discount Brokers since 1975

For intelligent life on the other end of the line.

(YES, EVEN THE ROTH IRA.)

Real live Accutrade broker

Jay Myers

Real live discount

brokers to answer all

your questions.

Plus free real-time quotes

Stocks, bonds, options

Over 7000 mutual funds

Free research

On-line trading

24-hour automated access

Checking and debit card

No-fee IRAs

Your first 3 trades free†

1.800.494.8949

www.accutrade.com

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Our Chatty Un-Jurors

Senator Breaux blabs on Sundays;
Wellstone and Harkin, all week.
Duck tape would never stop Teddy.
Lautenberg talks a blue streak.
Vows had been plighted to Rehnquist—
Senators got a nice pen.
Still, on a Sunday with Cokie,
Everyone's at it again.

—W. H. von Dreele

stitutional duties much more seriously, favors privacy. Just as good fences make good neighbors, in this case closed doors will make better senators.

■ The historian Jakob Burckhardt called Pietro Aretino, the Renaissance blackmailer and pornographer, the "father of modern journalism." But did he think Aretino would be the permanent standard? Meet Larry Flynt. Flynt, whose regular fare runs to women oozing out of meat grinders, and less savory stuff, has decided to go political, and why not? James Carville, who accused Paula Jones of being "trailer-park trash," is happy to be his friend. The Clinton White House, which condemns the impeachment process as being just "about sex," is his beneficiary. All the feminists, from Gloria Steinem to Nina Burleigh, who found Bill Clinton's sexcapades trivial, or even his just deserts, are now his soulmates. Embracing Flynt as a standard-bearer proclaims, as it commits, vileness. Larry Flynt is offal on wheels. Enjoy your ally.

■ Remember the "peace dividend"? The debate over how to spend money no longer needed for the Cold War? Now the debate has shifted to the budget surplus: whether to splurge on, oh, free false teeth or return it to the people who earned it and sent it to Washington in the first place. Congressional Republicans came down firmly in the latter camp when they proposed a 10 percent cut in the income tax. The reduction would apply to all brackets, which is smart politics as well as sound policy, as support for the GOP among the over-75-grand-a-year set has been slipping. Republicans should do their utmost to pass their plan and plunk it on Bill Clinton's desk, forcing him to veto it or gulp it down. One disappointing note: Pete Domenici, chairman of the Senate Budget Committee, is touting former Howard Baker aide Dan Crippen to head the Congressional Budget Office. Crippen is not expected to change the CBO's practice, in predicting revenues, of positing that tax cuts will have no effect on growth. Domenici cannot advance his party's initiative by assuming at the outset that it will fail.

■ When the Justice Department assigned the job of ridding the Laborers' International Union of North America of mob influences to the union's own leadership, critics called it a sweetheart deal for LIUNA's president, Arthur Coia, a major Democratic donor. LIUNA's lawyer, Robert Luskin, came up with the idea for the "internal-reform effort" and now runs it as an "in-house prosecutor" paid by the people he's investigating. Other Luskin clients have been linked to the mob, and the Justice Department has itself sanctioned Luskin for taking the proceeds of money-laundering for legal fees. In addition, Luskin represents former Clinton aide Mark Middleton in the Asiagate scandal—at reduced rates. As the National Legal and Policy Center notes in a new report, the conflicts of interest are legion. For instance, Coia could subsidize Middleton's legal bills to keep him from embarrassing the White House. The administration's latest move has been to make the deal a little sweeter. The one-year extension announced on January 7 allows LIUNA to spend less on the reform effort and makes it harder for Justice to intervene. The NLPC fears that the union might slip free of oversight entirely next year, perhaps after Coia leaves. This is a form of privatization only the Clinton administration could love.

■ The first Democratic governor of California in 16 years, Gray Davis, promised during his inaugural address to try to subvert the ban on racial preferences passed by the voters in 1996. He would have the prestigious University of California system automatically admit the top 4 percent of students from each public high school, no matter what their test scores, grades, or coursework. Even the worst school in California would send at least 4 percent of its graduates to the state's best universities—and presumably boost black and Hispanic enrollment at Berkeley and other campuses, although low-income Asians and rural whites would probably be the main beneficiaries. The plan is so obviously race-driven as to be immediately suspect under current civil-rights law. It would also replicate one of the worst features of the old racial-preferences regime: Unprepared students would flunk out of college, raising the pressure to dumb down the entire UC system.

■ After California voters passed Proposition 227, substantially outlawing bilingual education, San Francisco's superintendent of schools said he'd go to jail rather than obey the law. School officials in Los Angeles attempted to cancel reading lessons for some 100,000 students to avoid teaching them in English. Still, some teachers and schools have implemented the law, and as it turns out, trying to teach English to children seems to help them learn it. "Pupils who could barely speak a word of English when school started are acquiring spoken English at a surprising pace," editorialized an amazed *Los Angeles Times*, which opposed 227. How to explain the embarrassingly heartening results? The law is succeeding because teachers are "implementing it more flexibly than it was written"—i.e., using Spanish to help out a struggling student, which is in fact entirely within the letter and spirit of 227. The *Times* concludes that "little miracles can occur in the class-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

You'll find the lowest term life rates in America at Quotesmith.com or we'll overnight you $500. Other pleasant surprises now include instant auto, life and medical insurance quotes from 375 large, safe & well-known companies.

$250,000 Term Life Sampler
Guaranteed Annual Premiums/Guaranteed Level Term Period

Female Premiums

Age	10 YEAR	15 YEAR	20 YEAR	25 YEAR	30 YEAR
35	$ 120	$ 135	$ 165	$ 235	$ 235
40	$ 153	$ 188	$ 200	$ 298	$ 300
45	$ 200	$ 210	$ 265	$ 400	$ 415
50	$ 260	$ 313	$ 400	$ 578	$ 608
55	$ 385	$ 440	$ 600	$ 956	$ 1,065
60	$ 535	$ 690	$ 865	$ 3,140	$ 3,140
65	$ 883	$ 1,015	$ 1,733	$ 4,100	$ 4,100
70	$1,430	$ 1,637	$ 3,035	$ 5,270	$ 7,220
75	$2,797	$ 4,770	$ 6,560	$10,370	$10,370

Male Premiums

Age	10 YEAR	15 YEAR	20 YEAR	25 YEAR	30 YEAR
35	$ 138	$ 163	$ 198	$ 280	$ 300
40	$ 185	$ 210	$ 260	$ 385	$ 383
45	$ 260	$ 335	$ 395	$ 548	$ 585
50	$ 378	$ 500	$ 600	$ 863	$ 915
55	$ 568	$ 758	$ 865	$ 1,805	$ 2,810
60	$ 908	$ 1,130	$ 1,365	$ 4,100	$ 4,100
65	$1,530	$ 1,845	$ 2,923	$ 5,270	$ 5,270
70	$2,665	$ 3,539	$ 5,405	$ 7,370	$10,070
75	$4,415	$ 7,848	$ 9,650	$13,640	$13,640

"Quotesmith provides a list of all insurance companies & plans that match specific needs. The first to make available this new custom -search service." - *Nation's Business*

"Quotesmith saved us time and money. I shopped from my own office and found the best deal available. I was impressed."
- *Linda Picazio, Ft. Lauderdale, Florida*

"Get quotes on the spot. New source for best buys in insurance. One way to get to know the market." - *Kiplinger's Personal Finance*

"Quotesmith ranked more than 250 policies for Forbes. The premiums vary wildly." - *Forbes*

"Quotesmith keeps a database of about 350 insurance companies." - *Good Housekeeping*

"Quotesmith offers particularly thorough searches."
- *Los Angeles Times*

"Researching insurance companies can be confusing and tedious. To simplify the task, call Quotesmith."
- *SmartMoney*

"Quotesmith will scan the insurers and provide a list of different policies suited to your needs." - *Money*

"Enter the virtual agent. This solution has value for those who value immediacy and privacy."
- *U.S. News & World Report*

Quotesmith is the only Internet site on earth where you can get instant auto, life & medical insurance quotes from 375 top-rated companies. It's lightning fast, easy, informative, unbiased, private and *FREE!*

We give you detailed information - including underwriting requirements - and the latest claims ratings from A.M. Best, Duff & Phelps, Moody's, Standard & Poor's and Weiss Research, Inc. on every term life quote. And when you're ready, you can request an application from the company of your choice online, without having to talk to any insurance salesmen! Avoid buying mistakes and bad advice. Use the Quotesmith high speed insurance price comparison service before you buy or renew any insurance policy. Have questions or want quotes mailed to you for free? Call us toll-free at **1-800-431-1147**, 24 hrs.

Quotesmith.com®
incorporated

Quotesmith.com

AD CODE: NR-2/99

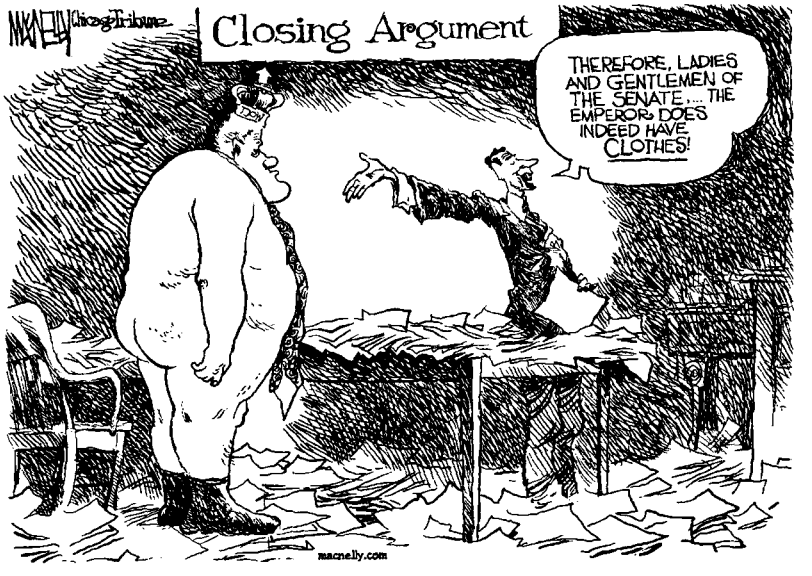
Final premiums and coverage availability will vary depending upon age, sex, state availability, hazardous activities, personal and family health history. The non-tobacco use premiums shown above may include: Banner Life Ins. Co., Rockville, MD, form RT-97; Catholic Order of Foresters, Naperville, IL, form RTL; First Penn-Pacific Life, Hoffman Estates, IL, form BT-1002AA(2-96), Control #B98-198(3/98); Golden Rule Ins. Co., Indianapolis, IN, form GRI-L-17.1; The Midland Life Insurance Co., Columbus, OH, form T376 & T846; Old Republic Life Ins. Co., Chicago, IL, form 8-1077; National Life, Montpelier, VT, form 28-86; Protective Life Ins. Co., Birmingham, AL, form GP-06; Security-Connecticut Life, Avon, CT, form 11420; West Coast Life, San Francisco, CA, form #971137400. Rates shown are not applicable to residents of FL, NJ & NY. Policy forms vary by state. $500 lowest price guarantee not available in SD. CA #0827712. Some premiums shown are graded premium life policies and/or term-like universal life policies. Premium rates always escalate after initial rate guarantee period.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

room when children's needs are put ahead of adult agendas." Something the education establishment should ponder.

■ Should Hillary run for senator from New York? Mayor Giuliani must be praying for it. Every conservative put off by his pro-abortion, pro-gay-rights stance would flock to him (they would vote for Al Gore if that would keep Madame out of office). What other comparative advantages would he have? Unlike her, he has campaigned in propria persona; unlike her, he has actually done something (compare New York's crime rates with the success of the Clinton health-care plan). Like her, he has long experience with crooks and shady types. Unlike her, he prosecuted them.

■ It was no secret—and certainly no crime—that U.S. intelligence provided technical support to the United Nations inspection team in Iraq. As Saddam Hussein's evasions and deceptions grew more sophisticated, the U.S. last year went farther and placed its own communications intercept devices in Iraq, using the U.N. as a cover (but sharing the relevant information with the U.N. inspectors). This has now been leaked—perhaps by U.N. officials sympathetic to Iraq—to discredit the inspectors. This pseudo-scandal plays into the hands of those (the Russians, French, et al.) who want to ease economic sanctions just as Saddam has shut down the U.N. inspections.


Chicago Tribune
Closing Argument
THEREFORE, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF THE SENATE... THE EMPEROR DOES INDEED HAVE CLOTHES!
macnelly.com

■ Past and present national-security officials seem unanimous that Jonathan Pollard, the former Navy analyst jailed for life for spying for Israel, deserves no clemency. CIA director George Tenet told the president in October that he would resign if Pollard were released. Now, senior U.S. intelligence officials—still fearing that Clinton may release Pollard for diplomatic or political reasons—have leaked some of the details of the case against Pollard to journalist Seymour Hersh, writing in *The New Yorker*. The gist is that the secrets Pollard passed to Israel included CIA how-to manuals and procedures, as well as intelligence produced by the most sensitive U.S. spy satellites and communications intercepts. Some of this information may have found its way to the Soviet Union. Hersh is known for his bias against Israel (as are some in the CIA), but the story confirms what observers have long suspected. Those who care about U.S.-Israeli relations ought not to take up Pollard's cause.

■ In recent years, the San Francisco Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has managed to create a $7 million shelter of luxury apartments, complete with televisions, throw rugs, and jungle gyms for our four-legged friends. The society has helped establish the city as the first in the nation with a "no-kill policy"—a first step toward a more humane, no-kill nation. At least for unwanted dogs.

■ After 22 years as a columnist for the *New York Post*, Ray Kerrison has retired. George Orwell said that journalism is printing what someone else does not want printed; everything else is public relations. Kerrison, a natural journalist, achieved a distinctive, no-nonsense voice. As he says in his final column, "I covered the waterfront—presidential campaigns, championship fights, Hollywood first nights, race riots, assassinations, space shots, moon shots." He also attacked the scandal of public-school performance in New York, opposed abortion vigorously, and was a strong conservative in a knee-jerk liberal city. He will be missed.

■ World War II was an effort so vast, and a victory so great, that it is probably unsurprising that Americans did not quite know what to make of it. One of the most damaging forms their puzzlement took was a critique of the Fifties as conformist, dull, gray flannel, etc. William H. Whyte's book *The Organization Man* (1956) offered a decade's critics, not so much an analysis—who has read it recently?—as a phrase, as seductive as it was hard to explain, or justify. The concept's slipperiness can best be suggested by a few historical questions: Andrew Carnegie did not believe in organization? Sensitivity training at modern corporations is not conformist? Whyte's best works were his later books on the minutiae of urban life, arguing, in a nutshell, that New York is better than Brasilia. True enough. R.I.P.

■ If all those who visited the recent Vincent van Gogh show in Washington had lined up at once, they would have stretched to—St. Louis? This was a tribute to the paintings; but also to van Gogh's gifts as a writer, and to the subject of his writing—his struggles with inspiration and madness. The life of the artist has long inflected our view of art: Thomas Chatterton at 16 felt he had to pass off his pleasant ditties as medieval relics to make them interesting; when the fraud was exposed, he killed himself, making them more so. The van Gogh experience, then, was partly biography, hype, and kitsch. If some in the hordes saw the paintings, it was worth it.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

YOUNG AMERICA'S FOUNDATION

"You have revived a Movement!"

William F. Buckley, Jr.

LIBERTAS
Rush Limbaugh Inspires Foundation Audience in New York City
Buchanan Reveals Conservative Principles to Huge Student Audiences
UP CLOSE

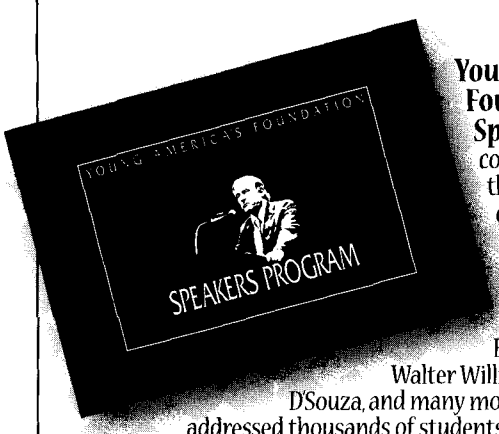
You can play an important role in spreading your ideas to new audiences. Young America's Foundation is the breakthrough outreach organization of the Conservative Movement. Learn the secrets of successful activism. *Call today!*

Libertas is the Foundation's general newsletter published six times yearly. It reports on Foundation events, noting students who have conducted campus programs and battled political correctness successfully.

Free.

Campus Leader is the Foundation's monthly newsletter for student contacts. It alerts students to available Foundation events and resources, including speakers, books, and posters. Each issue includes a full-size poster. These posters decorate thousands of dorm rooms on campuses all over the U. S.

Free to students.

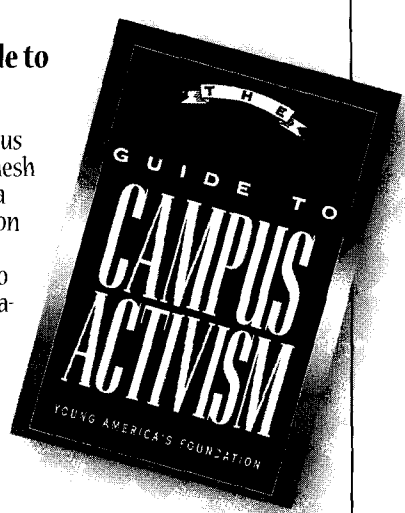


Young America's Foundation Speakers Program contains information on the various speakers offered through the Foundation, including William F. Buckley, Oliver North, Robert Novak, M. Stanton Evans, Michael Medved, Walter Williams, Ralph Reed, Dinesh D'Souza, and many more. These speakers have addressed thousands of students, bringing balance to hundreds of campuses all over the U. S.

Free.

The Conservative Guide to Campus Activism is the Foundation's "how-to" book written by successful campus activists such as author Dinesh D'Souza, Congressman Dana Rohrabacher and Foundation President Ron Robinson. It includes chapters on how to start a conservative newspaper, conduct speaking events, raise funds, defend your legal rights on campus, and more.

$10.00



To order, return this coupon to:

Young America's Foundation

F. M. Kirby Freedom Center, 110 Elden Street, Herndon, Virginia 20170

Check the items you wish to order:

___ *Campus Activism* ($10.00) ___ *Libertas* (Free)

___ *Campus Leader* (Free to students) ___ *Speakers Program* (Free)

Enclosed is $_____ (for *Campus Activism* only). Please send publications to:

Name _____ School (*if applicable*) _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Phone _____ Email _____

F. M. Kirby Freedom Center
110 Elden Street
Herndon Virginia 20170
703 318 9608
800 292 9231 toll free
www.yaf.org

The Reagan Ranch
812 B Anacapa Street
Santa Barbara, CA 93101
805-957-1980
877 797 7325 toll free
www.reaganranch.com

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

STATE OF THE UNION

Business as Usual

THE theater of the State of the Union address required that the trial of the man delivering it be unsaid, and unseen. And, except for a few tiny details—notable efforts by the president not to jab his finger, a touch of excess in the ovation for the First Lady—it was. Chaliapin was performing the night the Winter Palace fell; Bill Clinton performed in the room where, a month earlier, he had been impeached.

It was a typical Clinton State of the Union address: well-delivered moment by moment; shapeless and boring overall. He continued the bad tradition of presenting heroes in the galleries as if they were homegrown sweet-potato plants in show-and-tell. He touched on a blizzard of topics, from redwoods to Kosovo. Some were minutiae with a rightish tinge (no "social promotion" in schools). Some were baby-boomer bait (tax credits to take care of old people). Some were meat for the Left (global warming, hate-crimes legislation).

Clinton recommended that 60 percent of the budget surplus be spent to "save Social Security," which means that he will neither back significant tax cuts nor support *truly* saving Social Security by privatizing it. (His "USA Accounts," however, are worth considering. They would encourage people to save for their own retirement, at least a step toward giving them greater control over their own financial security through the private investment of their Social Security taxes.) Similarly, the president's checklist of education programs means no help from him either for vouchers or for meaningful public-school standards.

Such passages captured Clinton in a favorite mood: wonkishly enthusiastic, firing an arsenal of small-bore weapons. This aspect of his politics is commonly associated with the poll-testing of Dick Morris, but this is unfair in two ways. Clinton's own instincts carry him in this direction; and they are not only his instincts—they are the time's. How would the speech have differed, in anything but detail, if the Newt Gingrich of 1994 had delivered it? There would have been the same bland hopefulness, the same parade of idea-lets (Newt might have held up a microchip).

This is the deeper, and more damaging, sense in which the speech represented business as usual. Questions of America's national character—including quotas, language, and immigration—lie untouched by both parties at a time when a rhetoric of imprecise globalism is in the air. When the business cycle has its inevitable downturn, this very globalism—particularly "global capitalism"—could be a scapegoat right and left. A renewed sense of national identity and purpose is the best antidote. But no one in Washington is looking for it.

AT THE TRIAL

Between the devil and the deep
(The devil being Bill,
While polls portray the cruel sea),
The moderates sit still
In catatonic agony—
A tension that portends
An accident right on the floor,
So thank God for Depends.

—W. H. VON DREELE

PUBLIC MORALS

Hustlers & Hypocrites

LARRY Flynt, having shocked the world with the news that he is a Democrat, loosed the further revelations that Rep. Bob Barr (R., Ga.) may have paid for wife number two's abortion in 1983, cheated on her with wife number three, and refused to answer questions about the affair during divorce proceedings. "I'm looking to expose the hypocrites," said Flynt of the Clinton-hunting congressman. Leave aside the spurious claim of moral equivalence here: Distinctions between a simple objection to a line of questioning and a vast, taxpayer-subsidized campaign in defense of perjury are bound to be lost on Flynt and the media culture that pays attention to him.

Republicans denounced Flynt for attempting to intimidate them into letting Clinton escape justice. And Flynt and his associates had made it quite clear that no adverse publicity would be visited on those who kept silent about Clinton's crimes. But this tactic is not simply another regrettable consequence of Clintonism. In our political culture, the charge of hypocrisy always functions to intimidate conservatives. So: divorcés like Ronald Reagan are hypocrites for advocating traditional values; advocates of military intervention who ducked out of the Vietnam War are "chicken hawks"; discreet homosexuals who cavil at any policy associated with gay rights must be exposed to scorn.

The hypocrisy standard leaves no room for failing to live up to one's own ideals. It leaves no room for changing one's mind. (To be sure, the timing of Rep. Barr's conversion to the pro-life position during a 1992 Senate race raises doubts about its sincerity.) It refuses to let arguments stand or fall on their own merits, independent of the moral failings of the people making them.

And the hypocrisy standard is a double standard. To be safe from the charge, one must either practice moral rigor or adopt liberal views, whichever is easier. Hypocrisy can be the chief sin only for those who regard tolerance as the primary virtue. We act as though La Rochefoucauld got it wrong: Hypocrisy is today the tax that public virtue pays to private vice.

Of course, a blameless life doesn't get public figures off the hook either. Hymn-singing by the Potomac apparently also disqualifies one from upholding moral standards. But that

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Great Minds of the Western Intellectual Tradition

(Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, Moses, Jesus, Marcus Aurelius, Augustine, Aquinas, More, Machiavelli, Bacon, Descartes, Hobbes, Spinoza, Newton, Locke, Berkeley, Hume, Smith, Rousseau, Kant, Burke, Montesquieu, Hegel, Marx, Mill, Kierkegaard, Darwin, Freud, Nietzsche, James, Ayers, Quine, Wittgenstein, Weber, Habermas, Kuhn, Rorty, Foucault, Rawls, Levi-Strauss, etc.)

...taught by 6 widely acclaimed lecture professors on audiocassettes

FREE SHIPPING!

Darren Staloff, Ph.D.
City College of New York

Michael Sugrue, Ph.D.
Princeton University

Dennis Dalton, Ph.D.
Barnard College/Columbia Univ.

Alan C. Kors, Ph.D.
University of Pennsylvania

THE FACULTY ALSO INCLUDES:
Robert Oden, Ph.D., President, Kenyon College
Elizabeth McNamer, Ph.D., Rocky Mountain College

WHAT IS THE PURPOSE OF LIFE? What is the best *kind* of life? Who or what is God? What is the essence of justice? When is it legitimate for one person to have power over others? Can any of these questions be answered?

These are basic riddles of human experience that thoughtful men and women have pondered since the dawn of civilization.

You too must have asked yourself questions like these many times. And perhaps you once vowed that some day you would plow through *all* the great thinkers of the Western world and find your own answers.

But you know you never will. Frankly, it would require a minimum of several years of withdrawal from active life, and devotion to intense effort and concentration.

Now, at last, here is a feasible way to enjoy *the intellectual adventure of a lifetime.* A way you can comfortably grasp the *essence* and *consequence* of each thinker's greatness, in leisure moments in your home or car.

That is the extraordinary opportunity now offered by this unprecedented audio lecture series—**Great Minds of the Western Intellectual Tradition.**

The series is composed of 70 lectures, covering more than 40 of the great minds of the Western world. Each lecture is accompanied by an outline and reading list as an aid to mastering and further exploring the subject.

Over half of the lectures are delivered by Professors Darren Staloff and Michael Sugrue, who for several years electrified students at Columbia University with their sweeping canvas of Western intellectual development. To round out the series, there are guest lecturers from the growing Teaching Company treasury of audio and video recordings of professors rated as outstanding in independent student surveys.

The result is a definitive survey of Western thought by top-flight scholars whose lecturing skills have been certified by their students and often by teaching awards as well.

With these audio recordings of six of America's most widely acclaimed college lecture professors as your guides, you can now follow down through the centuries of mankind's great debate over the meaning of life, and how the ideas put forth shaped and developed our Western civilization of today.

Just listening to these lectures—whether you decide to supplement them by browsing through the texts of the works discussed or not—will give you a grasp of the intellectual history of the Western world possessed by as few as one out of every thousand Americans.

To order, mail coupon or call
1-800-TEACH-12
(1-800-832-2412)
please refer to **Offer Code 7482**
or FAX 703-912-7756

Lifetime Satisfaction Guarantee!

THE CURRICULUM

PART I: Ancient Philosophy and Faith: From Athens to Jerusalem
Introduction to the Problems & Scope of Philosophy; The Old Testament; The Gospels of Mark & Matthew; Paul: His World; Presocratics: Ionian Speculation & Eliatic Metaphysics; Republic I: Justice, Power & Knowledge; Republic II-V: Soul & City; Republic VI-X: The Architecture of Reality; Aristotle's Metaphysical Views; Aristotle's Politics: The Golden Mean & Just Rule; Marcus Aurelius' *Meditations*: The Stoic Ideal; Augustine's *City of God*: Grace, Original Sin & Theodicy
Course No. 401

PART II: The Age of Faith to The Age of Reason
Aquinas' *Summa Theologica*: The Thomist Synthesis & Its Political & Social Content; More's *Utopia*: Reason & Social Justice; Machiavelli's *The Prince*: Political Realism, Political Science & the Renaissance; Bacon's *New Organon*: The Call for a New Science; Descartes' Epistemology & the Mind-Body Problem; Hobbes' *Leviathan: Of Man*; Hobbes' *Leviathan: Of the Commonwealth*; Spinoza's Ethics: Metaphysics & the Path to Salvation; The Newtonian Revolution; The Early Enlightenment & the Search for the Laws of History: Vico's *New Science of History*; Pascal's *Pensees*; The Philosophy of G.W. Leibniz
Course No. 402

PART III: The Enlightenment and Its Critics
Locke's Theory of Knowledge; Locke's Political Theory; Montesquieu & the Beginnings of Political Science; Berkeley's Idealism & the Critique of Materialism; Hume's Epistemology; Hume's Theory of Morality; Smith's *Wealth of Nations*; Rousseau's Dissent: The Challenge to the Idea of Progress; Kant's "Copernican Revolution": Epistemology & the Critique of Metaphysics; Kant's Moral Philosophy; Burke & the Birth of Enlightened Conservatism; Naturalism & Materialism: The Boundaries of the Enlightenment
Course No. 403

PART IV: Philosophy in the Epoch of Ideology
Comte & the Origins of Sociology; Hegel: The Phenomenology of Geist; Hegel's Philosophy of History; Marx & the Problem of Alienation & Ideology; Marx's Historical Materialism; Kierkegaard's Christian Existentialism; Schopenhauer: The World as Will & Idea; The Classical Doctrine of Liberal Democracy: John Stuart Mill's *On Liberty* & *Utilitarianism*; The Darwinian Revolution in Social Thought: William Graham Sumner; Weber's Historical Sociology; Freud & Philosophy
Course No. 404

PART V: Modernism and the Age of Analysis: Beginnings
Nietzsche's Critique of Christianity: The Genealogy of Morals; Nietzsche's Perspectivalism & Critique of Philosophy; James' Pragmatism; Gadamer: Hermeneutics & the Human Sciences; Bergson's Elan Vital & Vitalism; John Dewey's *Reconstruction in Philosophy*; The Pragmatic Critique of Traditional Philosophy; Levi-Strauss: Structuralist Anthropology; Husserl: Phenomenology & the Life-World; Heidegger: Being & Time; A. J. Ayer's Language, Truth & Logic; The Latter Wittgenstein: The Philosophy of Language; The Frankfurt School
Course No. 405

PART VI: Modernism and the Age of Analysis: Conclusions
Kuhn's Paradigm Paradigm; Habermas' Critical Theory; Barthes, Semiotics & the Revolt Against Structuralism; Social Justice & Social Democracy in Contemporary Times: *A Theory of Justice* by John Rawls; Alvin Gouldner's *Dark Side of the Dialectic*: Social Theory; Renegade Sociology & Outlaw Marxism; Foucalt: Power, Knowledge & Post-Structuralism; Quine's Ontological Relativism & the End of "Philosophy"; Rorty's Neo-Pragmatism; Jean-Francois Lyotard: the Post-Modern Condition; Conclusion: The Theory of Knowledge & Language; Conclusion: Political, Social & Cultural Criticism & Theory
Course No. 406

SALE! $70 OFF ENTIRE COURSE!

The Teaching Company®
7405 Alban Station Court, Suite A107
Springfield, VA 22150-2318

Offer Code 7482

Please send me **Great Minds of the Western Intellectual Tradition**, which consists of six parts with 11-12 lectures per part (45 minutes/lecture) on audiocassette. This series comes in protective storage cases complete with a study guide for each part.

☐ **SALE**—Entire six-part course, $299.95 (reg. price $349.95) ~~plus $20 S&H.~~ **FREE SHIPPING!**

Individual parts, $89.95 each ~~plus $5 each S&H.~~

☐ Part I ☐ Part II ☐ Part III
☐ Part IV ☐ Part V ☐ Part VI

* Note: Virginia residents please add 4.5% sales tax.

☐ Check or Money Order enclosed

☐ VISA ☐ MasterCard ☐ ☐ Discover/Novus

Account Number _____

Signature _____ Exp. Date _____

Name (please print) _____

Mailing Address _____

City/State/Zip _____

Phone *(If we have questions regarding your order)* _____

☐ **Please send me a free copy of your current catalog (no purchase necessary)**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Fashion Scene

Bill Clinton's lawyers tend to view
A witness in the way
The peasants loathed Count Dracula;
So, dressing for the day,
They favor garlic garlands draped
In circles, like a stole,
While crosses, gathered at the gorge,
Create a gorgeous whole.

—W. H. von Dreele

would mean that nobody can defend morality. Or is that the point?

INTERNATIONAL MARKETS

Float or Sink

In the last decade or so, an old economic argument re-emerged to disrupt the Right. Milton Friedman's advocacy of floating exchange rates—which had carried the day in the 1970s—has come under challenge from such economic conservatives as Steve Forbes, Jack Kemp, and the *Wall Street Journal* editorial page, all arguing that fixed rates force governments to control inflation. With due respect to our old friends, long experience shows that governments relying on a fixed exchange rate as an anti-inflationary anchor very often pursue unsound domestic monetary and fiscal policies. And when they do, they are ultimately forced either to float or to devalue. Floating then occurs in the worst possible circumstances, and so it is sometimes accompanied by capital flight and domestic recession. On the recent occasions that overvalued currencies were forced off their pegs in Mexico, Thailand, and Indonesia, some conservatives rushed to blame these consequences on the decision to float rather than on the domestic policies that made the fixed rate unsustainable. Yet how do our friends imagine that governments can sustain an overvalued rate when they have run out of reserves?

Complaints about the devaluation of the Brazilian *real* have been somewhat muted. That may be in part because the first reactions of the Brazilian stock market and the currency exchanges have been enthusiastic and moderate respectively. That may change, since Brazil's domestic policies—including a budget deficit amounting to 8 percent of GDP and very high interest rates—are transparently unsustainable under any currency regime.

But the fact is that these policies were pursued under the very fixed-rate regime that was supposed to act as a counter-inflationary discipline. As long as domestic policies were sound, the fixed rate was secure; when they went awry, it collapsed after a period of deceptive stability. Some other discipline must now be found for Brazil—a currency board perhaps on the Argentinian model, or a domestic monetary target combined with a permanent "float"—with the unspoken proviso that if history is any guide, no economic discipline works forever in Brazil.

OBITUARY

Leo Cherne, R.I.P.

Leo Cherne, who died on January 12, was one of the toughest things ever to hit the Soviet enterprise. It was he who, along with Richard Pipes, substantially managed and guided Team B. Its formal name was the President's Foreign Intelligence Advisory Board, and it was charged to do its own reckonings on matters affecting the national security and to report those findings to the president.

The effect of it was to have another inquisitive and informed presence in the room, whenever the CIA and other intelligence agencies plied their own findings during those dangerous days. Leo Cherne was a no-nonsense anti-Communist, but his concern for victims of totalitarian enterprises was comprehensive. He was the chairman of the International Rescue Committee, and its embodiment, raising money and bringing relief to the victims of the day.

He was also other things, serving, for example, as founding director of the Research Institute of America. In that capacity he did a yearly Barnum & Bailey act, delivering a luncheon address at the Waldorf Astoria in 50 consecutive Januarys to a New York executives club. He would begin by recalling his predictions of the year before, doing this with masochistic candor, and then he'd make fresh predictions for the ensuing year. I don't know that anyone remembers how he scored, but everyone was wowed by his analytical intelligence, his trenchant speech delivery, and his declamatory self-confidence.

I introduced him at a couple of those events. In 1982 I closed an otherwise jocular introduction by saying, "Leo Cherne may be embarrassed at the injunction that he look back on his life, and take the satisfaction that is his due. But I am not embarrassed to issue that injunction, nor are you, I expect, to overhear it. He is the full human being, covetous of the music of this world, however expressed: in literature, in sculpture, in song. He is the modern man in the best sense, who has learned technology and its uses. But he has shown himself above all to be a sensible member of the human race, a full-time partisan of those members of the human race who reject the invitation to weigh down on others. As much as anyone I know—and this quite apart from the astonishing gall he shows in coming here 42 years in a row to tell us, for gawdsakes, what is going to happen in the next year—as much as anyone I know, he is entitled to the sound of that comprehensive benediction, 'Well done, my good and faithful servant.'"

—WFB

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Haverhills' Best Sellers*

*But read this ad for an even better deal!

More than just a telescope...more than just a microscope...

Episcope™
(the complete vest-pocket optical system)

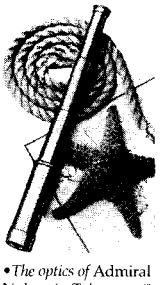
still only $59.95*

•*Even at its highest magnification of 30x, the* Episcope™ *resolves as distinctly as any laboratory microscope, yet it is only 2" long. An optical miracle!*

Remove the *Episcope*™ from its fitted leather case and it's a 30-power microscope. A twist of the wrist converts it to a 3x telescope, or a unique 3x telescope-loupe. Another twist, and you have a choice of magnifiers and loupes: 5x, 10x, and 15x powers. The *Episcope*™, only 2" long, was developed in Wetzlar (Germany), the home of world-famous Leica cameras; it's now being made by one of Asia's finest lens makers. The optics are superb: brilliant luminosity, needle-sharp focus, absolute planarity, total chromatic correction, and fully anastigmatic. The *Episcope*™ is the first choice of geologists, biologists, numismatists, philatelists, engineers, and just anybody who likes to see the infinite detail in his/her surroundings. It comes with a plastic "tripod" for extended observations at 15x or 30x magnifications. ***Episcope*™ #1062E480a**

A spyglass in the great naval tradition...

Adm Nelson's Telescope™ (with table tripod) just $59.95*



•*The optics of* Admiral Nelson's Telescope™ *are "25x30" which means 25x magnification and the great light gathering capacity of a 30-mm objective lens. Admiral Nelson's telescope was made of brass. This replica is heavily chrome-plated for extra beauty and protection. The scope comes with a belt-looped vinyl carrying case. For permanent mounting the scope comes with an extendable table tripod.*

When Horatio Nelson fought the battle of Trafalgar, he used a telescope just like this to monitor the movements of the French-Spanish fleet. Our manufacturer has created a faithful replica of this famous scope. *Admiral Nelson's Telescope*™ measures about five inches in its "collapsed" position. When you extend the four sections to full length, the scope will be thirteen inches long and focused to infinity with needle sharpness. Everything will appear twenty-five times larger than it would to the naked eye. Compare that to standard binoculars which give you only 6x or 8x magnification. If you have ever wanted to own a fine telescope, but found prices a little steep, *Admiral Nelson's Telescope*™ should be your choice. You'll get many years of good use and enjoyment from it. ***Admiral Nelson's Telescope*™ #1069E480d**

Get TV reception you never had before, with...

Scanner 2000™ only $39.95*

•*Scanner 2000™ plugs into your house wiring and needs no batteries. The unit has two ports allowing you to operate two TVs or radios at the same time.*

You can now get TV reception that you never thought possible. With *Scanner 2000*™ and through the miracle of microelectronics, you are able to "activate" the electrical wiring of your home and use it as a giant antenna. *Scanner 2000*™ will stabilize your TV picture, it will eliminate "ghosts" and static, and it will bring in stations that were visible only as flickers and annoying shadows. Even if you are now on cable or have a digital satellite system, you will be able to clearly receive "fringe" stations. For even more powerful performance, *Scanner 2000*™ contains a 20dB amplifier gain booster. As a "bonus" *Scanner 2000*™ will greatly enhance your FM and shortwave radio reception. Now, finally, enjoy TV as it should be enjoyed and get your *Scanner 2000*™ today! ***Scanner 2000*™ #1068E480b**

Never let a dead car battery stall you again—go with...

Car Starter™ only $49.95*

•*CarStarter™ will keep its charge for years and will work in the most extreme hot/cold temperature conditions. Its output is an astonishing 7.5 amp-hs., incomparably higher than any competing unit.* Car Starter™ *measures 8.5" x 2" x 2" and weighs only 27 oz. You should always keep it in your glove compartment!*

The sickening "click-click" of a dead car battery is the most discouraging sound a motorist can hear. You are stranded—sometimes for hours or in dangerous neighborhoods—or are dependent on the kindness of strangers, who might not even have jumper cables. And you know how dangerous jumper cables (and strangers!) can be.

This can never happen to you with *Car Starter*™, a portable power source that will charge your car battery in 15 minutes or less—just by plugging it into your cigarette lighter! After use, you can recharge the unit again right through that same cigarette lighter. And that isn't all: You can also use *Car Starter*™ to operate any and all 12-volt appliances, such as small TV sets (up to 16 hours), portable fridges, cellular phones (up to 100 hours), laptop computers, and much more.

Don't ever again worry about a dead battery and a stalled car—give convenience and safety to yourself and your loved ones and order your *Car Starter(s)*™ today! ***CarStarter*™ #1071E480e**

A breakthrough in audio technology...

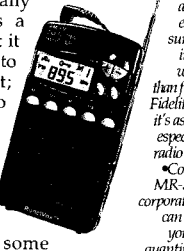
Over-the-Ear Mono/Stereo Earphones™ only $16.95*

•*Over-the-Ear Mono/Stereo Earphones™ are virtually invisible, feather-light and comfortable. These earphones deliver bell-clear sound and can be used with all of your mono and stereo audio equipment.*

Until yesterday, there were only two kinds of earphones: The "standard" that fits over your head and that makes you look like somewhat of a zombie. Then there are those "ear buds," little spongy things that you insert in your ear; they are uncomfortable and invariably fall out after only a short while—very annoying. But now come *Over-the-Ear Mono/Stereo Earphones*™, a real breakthrough in audio technology. They are virtually invisible, totally inconspicuous, just as with the pretty lady you see in the picture. And they are feather-light, weigh virtually nothing. They won't give you a headache and they won't annoy you by falling out. You can wear them all day long without fatigue and practically without anybody noticing them. And, of course, you can use them for both mono and stereo sound equipment. ***Over-the-Ear Mono/Stereo Earphones*™ #1066E480c**

A whole new world of listening pleasure with...

MR-307A™ PLL Digital AM/FM Radio only $59.95*



•*The MR-307A™ works on two AAA cells and, yes—they are included! It measures 2.5 x 4 inches and weighs less than five ounces. Fidelity is crisp; it's astonishing especially for a radio of its size.*
•*Consider the MR-307A as a corporate gift. We can silkscreen your logo on quantities of 100 units or more.*

You won't believe it until you actually hear it. Here is a radio so small that it comfortably fits into your shirt pocket; but it has sound so clear and so crisp that you'd think you were in a concert hall or listening to an elaborate sound system. Here are some of the other great features of this breakthrough receiver:

- **PLL Synthesized Tuning**
- **Built-in Speaker**
- **High-Impact Case**
- **State-of-the-Art Technology**
- **10 Memory Presets**
- **Stereo Earphones**
- **Stereo Phone Jack**
- **Stereo/Mono Switch**
- **Key-Lock Function**
- **Batteries Included**

Get most advanced technical features, "shirt pocket" AM/FM reception as you never had before, and enjoy a whole new world of listening pleasure. *MR-307A*™ *PLL Digital Radio* **#1057E480f**

***Our "special deal": BUY ANY 2 ITEMS AND GET ANOTHER ONE FREE!**
For instance: Buy a $59.95 item and a $49.95 item and get another $49.95 or lesser-priced item FREE!

(E)

FOR FASTEST SERVICE, ORDER BY TOLL-FREE PHONE OR BY FAX. SEE NUMBERS BELOW.

For customer service, please call (415) 643-2810. For wholesale orders, call Chris Simpson at that same number.

You may order by toll-free phone, by mail, or by fax and pay by check or Visa/MasterCard. Please give order number shown after the item. Add $4.95 shipping/insurance for your order **(except three CarStarter or three Adm. Nelson's Telescope** for $9.90), plus sales tax for CA delivery. You have 30-day return and one-year warranty. We do not refund shipping charges.

since 1967
haverhills®
2360 Third St., San Francisco, CA 94107

✆ Order by toll-free phone: (800) 797-7367 or by fax (415) 643-2818 ✆

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

■ NOTES & ASIDES ■

■ **Dear Mr. Buckley:** As I was reading your December 7 issue, I came across an ad for your NATIONAL REVIEW 1999 Baltic Cruise, featuring a host of luminaries, including old you-know-who himself, William F. Buckley Jr. That is truly an inspired idea. What could be more appropriate than to celebrate the 10th anniversary of the fall of the Berlin Wall by taking a luxury cruise? And the creative possibilities are endless. For example, you might have chorus girls pretending to be the Berlin Wall and then falling on the guests. With a little imagination, history might really come alive.

I thought about sending for the information packet. But it occurred to me that the real trick was to make myself one of the treasured few whose gems of insight are so avidly sought by collectors that they get to come along *absolutely free*! I could even make it a career. What a life, going on all those luxury cruises without having to pay a cent. It's just a matter of selling myself as a Cold Warrior. That should be easy. How about: "Imagine yourself discussing the Fall of the Evil Empire with Douglas Rees"? Who could resist that?

There is one slight hitch, however. I am not exactly a conservative, having voted for Monica's boyfriend (twice). And before that there was Dukakis, Mondale, Carter, and good ol' George McGovern. But there's a positive side to that. By taking along a token liberal, you could satisfy the Affirmative Action Guidelines of the President's Council on Diversity. Nifty, huh? It's not like I'm anything really bad, like a Cuban agent, and I promise not to do anything totally gauche, like wear a "Paul Wellstone for President" button at the *bon voyage* party. Besides, I have an endless fund of humorous stories, some of which are clean.

Please respond quickly, as I need to make all kinds of arrangements, such as getting a passport, arranging for someone to take care of the dog, etc.

Anti-Communistically yours,
Douglas Rees
Marion, Iowa

Dear Mr. Rees: No no no! Since your own candidates did nothing at all to bring on the fall of the Berlin Wall, you shouldn't involve yourself with this one. But we'll put you down for the 2009 Cruise. It will be the 10th Anniversary of the removal from the White House of Monica's boyfriend, and we'll sail right round the world! Book early.

Cordially, WFB

■ **Dear Mr. Buckley:** As regards the recent reformatting of your excellent magazine, I must approve. But it does remind me of a joke about the residents of Richmond, to wit: How many Richmonders does it take to change a light bulb? Answer: Twelve . . . one to change it and eleven to talk about how good the old one was.

Best regards,
Stephen H. Chevalier
Richmond, Va.

Dear Mr. Chevalier: You have a way of *hurting* people! . . . By the way, please notice that the print is more readable now, inkier than the first issue. Hope you like, and tell your friends.

Cordially, WFB

■ **Dear Mr. Buckley:** On a recent *Firing Line* debate I heard you mention Hayek's chapter in *The Constitution of Liberty* on progressive taxation. On my mind at the moment is a thought that recurs on the general subject of progressive income taxes: Is it not logical that a country founded on the principle of "no taxation without representation" should, upon instituting a progressive tax system, also embrace the principle of "progressive representation"?

This would require additional amendments to the Constitution, in particular the cancellation of any reference to one man, one vote. But I'm only pursuing the logic that flows from the policy of a progressive income tax. Herewith my modest proposal.

Something might be worked out during apportionment where wealthy enclaves would receive more representatives per capita than poorer districts, but this would obviously water down the direct translation of a single voter's financial worth into voting power. Some arrangement might alternatively be established at the polls at the time of voting, but that would surely be inefficient. The easiest way would be to bring one's tax form to the voter-registration office, where a card would be issued declaring the voter eligible to cast a ballot worth X number of votes. Of course, that would mean actually having a voter-registration office.

Yours truly,
Miles Hawthorne
Granbury, Tex.

Dear Mr. Hawthorne: You are a tease, but so was Jonathan Swift in his modest proposal. But he did teach us how, at the margin, to control overpopulation. Keep it up.

Cordially, WFB

■ **Dear Mr. Buckley:** I believe you have enmeshed yourself in a paradox. How can the House, which formulates and authorizes *laws*, penalize the President–Lawyer for being legalistic?

Sincerely,
Carl F. Needles, MD
Merrick, N.Y.

Dear Dr. Needles: The criticism is stylistic. If the defendant uses legalistic arguments to argue convincingly that what he did was legal, then Congress can't convict, merely bemoan.

Cordially, WFB

■ **Dear Mr. Buckley:** You suggested many years ago that conservatives form a picket line around Eleanor Roosevelt, since she had stated that she would never cross one. In today's *USA Today*, Larry King said he "would never, ever cross a picket line." Could we get enough conservatives together to picket him?

Tom Reilly
Herkimer, N.Y.

Dear Mr. Reilly: You have a fun memory. But why are we so against Larry King? He's very nice to me, among other things. Cordially,

—WFB

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

■ THE SCANDAL ■

Damage Estimate

How much does impeachment hurt the GOP?

RAMESH PONNURU

ORDINARILY it's safe to ignore the *Washington Post* and the *New York Times* when they profess grave concern for the health of the Republican party. That will be the reaction of most conservatives to this season's mantra: The GOP is endangering its prospects in 2000, and maybe even beyond, by trying to remove Bill Clinton from office. But this time, the conventional wisdom may be right.

Republicans seem remarkably unalarmed. GOP consultant Don Fierce says, "I haven't heard anybody say we shouldn't have [impeached Clinton in the House] because our approval rating has fallen. They're proud of what they did, they feel they've done the right thing." And they don't accept the media line that impeachment hurt them in the November elections.

Bill Clinton and Henry Hyde by Roman Genn

The Republicans' disappointing showing demonstrated that the public was insufficiently outraged to repudiate Clinton, not that he has its active support. According to the Voter News Service, Republicans took a slight majority of the 5 percent of the electorate that voted on the Lewinsky scandal. Republicans argue that they were hurt less by their position on impeachment than by their overidentification with it: They hadn't developed an agenda, believing they didn't need one to bring conservatives to the voting booth. (The scandal also kept Democrats from capitalizing on their agenda, but never mind.)

So far, so plausible. But the fact that Republicans haven't yet paid a price for impeaching Clinton doesn't mean the bill won't come due in 2000. The GOP's public-approval ratings have fallen to 36 percent—its lowest in fourteen years—since the Starr report was sent to Congress. A CBS–*New York Times* poll finds that, of the quarter of Republicans who disapprove of impeachment, half now hold an unfavorable view of their own party and a favorable one of the Democrats.

Why did the image of Republicans take such a beating from impeachment? The airing of the videotape of Clinton's grand-jury testimony was a turning point. Even though Republicans never made a conscious decision to air it—a large bipartisan majority of the House had voted to release everything, and Republicans merely voted not to exempt it—the public reaction was to sympathize with Clinton against the prosecutors and the Republicans, who appeared to be ganging up to humiliate him.

The appearance of partisanship also hurt, though it was impossible to avoid. Republicans found themselves in a series of Catch-22s. If they didn't invite Starr to testify, Democrats would accuse them of protecting him from legitimate inquiries. If they invited Starr and nobody else, Democrats would accuse them of presenting one side of the story. And if they invited other witnesses, too, they would be accused of dragging out the process. The Democrats' strategy was easy to implement. They could disrupt the process and call it chaotic; they could make it partisan simply by calling it that. "They showed up with orange hair and floppy shoes and complained about what a circus this had become," says GOP strategist Ed Gillespie.

Republicans, however, never had a coherent message on impeachment. For most of 1998, they were silent. Trent Lott had set the pattern by refusing to mention the scandal in his response to the State of the Union address and thus validating Clinton's framing of it as a private matter. When the House inquiry began, nobody effectively explained the fairness of the procedures. Conservatives wanted to talk about the substance of Clinton's crimes instead, while the National Republican Congressional Committee rejected a suggestion that it organize a "war room" of communications strategists to defend the House investigation.

Not until late October did Republicans try to make impeachment a political issue, and then only in the low sense of "political." They ran ads that played on distrust of Clinton but mentioned neither impeachment nor perjury. The ads were too carefully calibrated to have much effect, GOP pollster John McLaughlin found in an Election Night survey—except to generate news about how Republicans were exploiting the scandal. Which, in fact, they were. The ads were a perfect distillation of the Republicans' approach to impeachment: Like President Clinton confronting Saddam Hussein, they wanted to wound but were afraid to strike.

Since that gambit failed, the most common Republican message has been: Nobody wants to get this over more than we do. Or: Clinton should be removed, but his removal needn't get in the way of the issues that matter to people. But then, as former congressman Vin Weber points out, "it's been a long time since the public has heard a clear message from Republicans on anything." Over the last few years, what the public has seen of the GOP is Newt Gingrich lec-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

turing, the government shutdowns, infighting over social issues, Congress holding up disaster relief, and the Dole campaign (which could have used some disaster relief of its own). And now, a partisan impeachment. "As near as I can tell, we're as [screwed] as we've ever been," says Gillespie.

Most congressmen and party officials, and even many consultants, disagree.

■

Republicans never had a coherent message on impeachment. For most of 1998, they were silent.

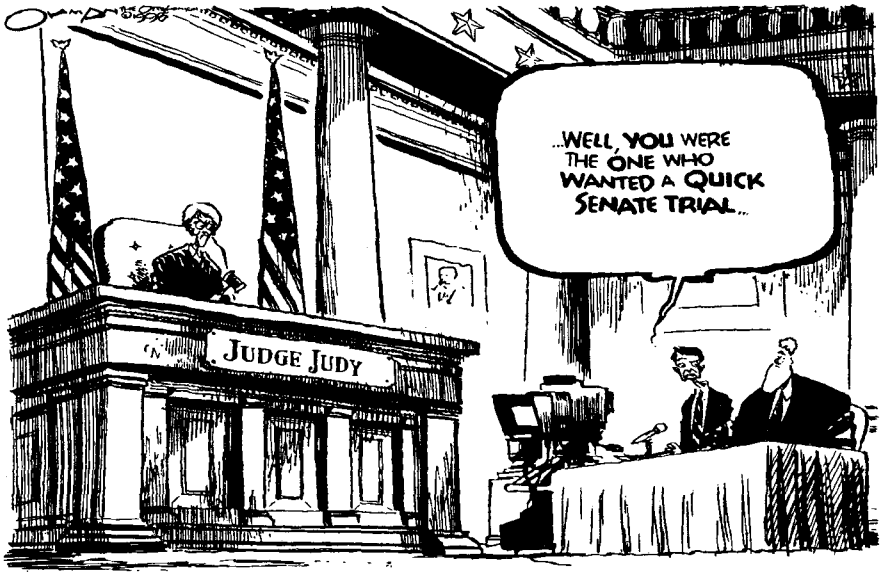
■

They have rediscovered the thrill of doing the right thing for its own sake, consequences for themselves be damned. The unpopularity of their stand only adds luster to its virtue. Chris Wilson, director of research for Shandwick Public Affairs, says, "It pains me to say this as a pollster but you kind of have to ignore public opinion much as Republicans did before the Civil War in terms of slavery. I think that eventually Republicans will be rewarded for doing the right thing. Now is that in two years or four years or ten years? We don't know." Slavery?

It's one thing for senators to do their constitutional duty. Cavalier treatment of the House bill of impeachment would in any case pose risks of its own. It would disappoint conservatives. It would leave House Republicans exposed; they need a serious consideration of their case in the Senate to retrospectively legitimize their vote for the public. And the p.r. hit can be softened. If Democrats get to vote on censure after voting on conviction, they will have less credibility when arguing that Republicans were trying to get Clinton by undemocratic means. Actually removing Clinton might not even harm Republicans: An ABC–*Washington Post* poll suggests only 29 percent of the public would be angry.

What's eerie is the blithe confidence of Republicans that time, an agenda, and a presidential candidate will see them through. Clinton won't be on the ballot in 2000, they say. If Republicans are in such trouble, why are George W. Bush and Elizabeth Dole both leading Al Gore in several polls?

This amnesia strategy might work, since the public clearly wants to forget this whole episode. Karlyn Bowman, the American Enterprise Institute's poll-watcher, points out that when polls ask about the Republicans without asking about impeachment first, their image remains roughly the same as it was pre-scandal. But Republicans are still suffering because of impressions formed in 1995, the year of the Oklahoma City bombing and the government shutdown. The longer the Senate trial, the harder it will be to change those impressions. Democrats certainly think so. "I'm glad they're playing for history," says a Democratic pollster. "Because I'm playing for 2000." **NR**



■ THE SCANDAL II ■

Trial & Error

Will the Senate live up to its constitutional duty?

JONATHAN TURLEY

It was the greatest declaration of bipartisanship since the Houses of York and Lancaster proclaimed "Love Day" in the 15th century. The Senate voted unanimously to put differences aside and agreed on a new set of rules for trying an impeached president. But, like the original Love Day, which proved only a bizarre prologue to the Wars of the Roses, appearances may be deceiving. The much ballyhooed Senate trial rules probably forestalled partisan warfare only temporarily and did so at the price of raising troubling constitutional questions.

The greatest misconception about the Senate deal is that it was unprecedented in its bipartisanship. In reality, senators have historically been unified on the procedures for Senate trials. In some cases, this has reflected a true shared concern for fairness and due process. More often, it has reflected a shared dislike for senatorial obligations under the Constitution. Like many citizens, senators often try to avoid jury duty. They have always viewed trials as a burdensome constitutional duty with no political benefits. Unlike higher-yield activities like legislating or fund-raising, Senate trials only agitate constituents and consume precious time. The greatest challenge during most Senate trials has been maintaining a quorum.

Senate jury delinquency was so high

Mr. Turley is the Shapiro Professor of Public Interest Law at George Washington University and testified as an expert witness in the House impeachment hearings.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"The pope is driven by his foreboding that the world is heading toward a moral apocalypse."—*Newsweek*

Pope John Paul's preoccupation will come as no surprise to readers of Fr. Vincent Miceli's timeless book, now in its second decade of life. Fr. Miceli keynotes his investigation of the last days with this from the Holy Father:

"We are now facing the final confrontation between the Church and the anti-Church."

Fr. Miceli doesn't pretend to know who the Antichrist is, where he'll appear, or when. But he does line up the signs of the times — linking these signs with the prophecies in Daniel, the New Testament, the early Church Fathers — and prophetic modern voices like Newman, Solzhenitsyn, Pius XII. Some of his insights are jolting:

= Six key features of the modern world that correspond alarmingly with apocalyptic prophecy

= Three stages in the evolution of evil as it prepares man to receive and worship Antichrist. How far have we proceeded?

= The Antichrist and the New Christianity. Five marks of the latter, all dissected

= One reliable sign of the Antichrist. Five things we know about him. Will he be different from Satan? One man or many? For answers, Fr. Miceli turns to Scripture and the early Fathers

= How Western — especially American — society's war against religion in public life corresponds to key apocalyptic prophecies

= Abortion: the assault on life by the forerunners of the Antichrist

= Common misconceptions about the Antichrist spread by televangelists and popular books

= To whom does God give the gift of prophecy? How should we look upon modern-day evangelists who claim the gift? Rules for recognizing false prophets

= The Antichrist's precursors: how to identify them

= 10 features of Antichrist's religion, according to Church Fathers. Where will he rise? How he will persecute the Church

= The role of Islam and the Jews in the end times

Fr. Miceli avoids the extravagant speculation that mars many popular books on apocalyptic themes, including some Catholic ones. Which may explain this enthusiastic note from the theologian of the Papal Household, Cardinal L. Ciappi: "The theme is so appropriate ... may it have a large and influential reception."

"In the everlasting Holy War against the Devil, *The Antichrist* is a masterly textbook." —Malcolm Muggeridge

Regularly, $17.95

YOURS for just **$6.95**

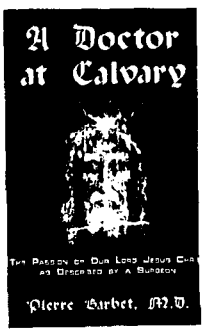
297 pages, large quality paperback size + valuable bibliography that points you to reliable books on apocalyptic themes

What the Gospels don't reveal about Christ's sufferings, science does

The results of a renowned surgeon's unprecedented research into the physical sufferings of Our Lord — about which the Gospels reveal bare essentials — are collected in this mind-opening book. Dr. Pierre Barbet, writing in the early 1950s, relied heavily on his close analysis of the Shroud of Turin to re-create every stage of the Passion with precision. Result: a minor classic of spirituality — by a layman. Back in print after 40 years, the book discusses...

- The crown of thorns: more like a cap cutting into the head at every part
- The painful hemorrhaging phenomenon which corresponds to Jesus' sweating "drops of blood"
- Evidence that Christ received more than the customary number of blows during the scourging
- The "flagrum" used for scourging
- Did Christ simply drag the Cross to Calvary, as is typically depicted? Evidence suggests otherwise
- Countless medically accurate details on the Shroud that no medieval artist could have forged, or even known about
- Were Christ's feet nailed separately, or one over the other?
- Why His violent thirst?
- The determining cause of Christ's death: asphyxia after prolonged struggle

16 photographs and illustrations accompany Dr. Barbet's text.



$15.75, hardcover

YOURS for just $5.95

SAVE 62%

Roman Catholic Books • P.O. Box 2286 • Fort Collins, CO 80522-2286

NR	TITLE	QTY	SALE PRICE	TOTAL
	The Antichrist: Miceli		$6.95	$
	A Doctor at Calvary: Barbet		$5.95	$
	Postage and handling - $2.95 for first book; 75¢ each additional book			$
			TOTAL	$

Name _____ Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

All orders must be prepaid.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in the trial of Judge Harold Louderback in 1933 that at one time only three senators were present. One House manager publicly described the trial as "the greatest farce ever presented." The Senate agreed and responded by eliminating the need for senators to be present as a body. In 1935, the Senate passed Rule XI, which allowed members to use committees to carry out trial obligations.

Historically, House managers have been given discretion in presenting their strongest cases.

Despite this history, the Senate has usually given House managers considerable latitude in presenting evidence and witnesses in impeachment trials. The Clinton trial rules are a clear departure from that tradition and establish the most curious of trial procedures. After hearing opening arguments, the Senate jury in the impeachment trial of President Clinton will vote on the merits before any witnesses are presented. Many senators have argued that there is no reason to continue with a trial if more than a third of the body is dead-set against any vote of removal.

As a result, the House managers were required to submit an opening argument to prove their need for witnesses rather than to prove their case for removal. (Imagine writing an opening statement as a prosecutor without knowing whether you will be allowed to rely on witness testimony.) It was certainly understandable, if not commendable, for senators to seek a bipartisan resolution. But in the process, the Senate created a potentially noxious precedent for active control over the "exhibiting" of the House case.

This is not the first time that House managers and their Senate jurors have been at odds. The reason is that the two houses in the impeachment process often have sharply divergent interests. The House managers have an interest in presenting the strongest possible case for removal to show that their action was based on the law and not just politics, while members of the Senate may anticipate or desire an acquittal.

A full trial with witnesses increases the political costs for senators intent on voting for acquittal regardless of the evidence. So, limiting the presentation of evidence is a way to decrease the public backlash against such a vote. It is far easier to acquit on a cursory record than after zealous prosecutors have exhibited witnesses and evidence to prove their case. Senators can conveniently insist that the House managers could not prove their case without ever giving them a full chance to prove it.

No one disputes that the Senate has the authority to determine the rules for these trials. Senators perform a unique role as jurors and judges in them. Still, House managers have historically been given discretion in presenting their strongest case. While the Senate has limited witnesses in some cases (largely defense witnesses), it has never exercised this degree of control over the House's presentation. A new precedent for Senate control over such presentations is ripe for abuse. A future Senate could easily be controlled by the party of the impeached president. Likewise, a Senate controlled by an opposing party may not want a trial that could force the removal of a crippled president from office, for cynical reasons, calculating that his retention would embarrass his own party. In such cases, the Clinton rules would allow an easy excuse for perfunctory votes without public review of the evidence.

The bipartisan Senate rules represent a fundamental misconception of the role of a Senate trial. Just as a conventional trial is not simply about conviction, a constitutional trial is not simply about removal. Impeachment procedures are a unique part of the Madisonian system. This system is designed to funnel factional disputes into an open and deliberative process where they can be resolved with finality. Madison understood that a successful system needed to address divisions openly to avoid the political cycles of Europe where factions would be left to fester below the surface until they exploded into open conflict.

There is no more divisive issue than allegations that a president has committed crimes in office. When elected, President Clinton secured the consent of a plurality of voters to enforce our laws and govern our nation. If he proceeded to violate the laws that he was elected to enforce, he violated the basis for that covenant and thereby deprived himself of the legitimacy of his office. The Constitution supplies a process by which a president can regain the legitimacy lost by his conduct through a second vote of consent by the public through its representatives. Without such a vote, a president can continue in office only as a type of partially impeached president, a chief executive who carries the title but not the legitimacy to govern a nation of laws.

This is why in over 200 years and more than a dozen impeachments, we have never used adjournment and censure—the initial idea floated in the Senate—as an alternative to a full Senate trial. When the House impeaches a president, the Senate has an obligation to hear the evidence against him. Censure would create a dangerous loophole in a process that was intended to be unalterable. The Constitution does not compel a conviction, but it does anticipate a trial.

While censure would have served short-term political interests, it would have imposed long-term constitutional costs. A trial of an impeached president holds both the president and his Senate jurors accountable. Senators are allowed to acquit a guilty president in the nation's interest. In making such a decision, however, they must be prepared

Trent Lott and crew by Roman Genn

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to bear the historical and political costs of retaining a perceived felon in office. A censure would have allowed senators to avoid the political costs of first hearing evidence of criminal conduct and then voting to retain the president despite that evidence.

Moreover, the mere argument that over 60 percent of the public wants to retain a president is hardly compelling. Madison was most concerned about majority, not minority, factions. The constitutional process was designed to restrain the impulse and conveniences of the majority by forcing them into a mandatory, bicameral process of open deliberation. There may be presidents who are popular but guilty of criminal acts. So, impeachment trials are not reserved for presidents who are both guilty and unpopular.

Consider the case of Governor-General Warren Hastings in 1788. The Hastings impeachment was the only impeachment discussed in the Constitutional Convention and was repeatedly referred to in our earliest impeachment cases. Warren Hastings faced impeachment before Parliament. His chief accuser and prosecutor was the redoubtable Edmund Burke. The most interesting fact about the Hastings case is that removal could not have been the purpose of the impeachment since Hastings had already left office.

Moreover, like the current case, proving the facts was not the main issue in the case, since, as Burke noted, "most of the facts, upon which we proceed, are confessed . . . Guilt resides in the intention." Nor could conviction have been the purpose since the Parliament was controlled by loyal friends of Hastings. Burke stated that "we know that we bring before a bribed tribunal a prejudged case," but he cautioned against dismissing the need for a trial. Burke stated that in such circumstances it is of even greater importance to demand a full trial "strong in proof and in importance" and "as to all the rest, it is vain and idle."

In voting on whether to allow the House managers to present their strongest case, the Senate will be faced with the most difficult of political choices. The question is not whether senators have the authority to curtail a trial but whether they have the courage to refrain from abusing that authority. **NR**

■ THE SCANDAL III ■

Neo Con

Pat Moynihan, tease and heartbreaker.

JAY NORDLINGER

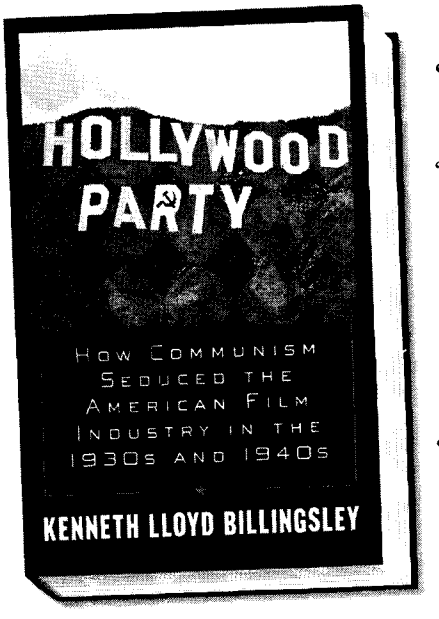
DANIEL Patrick Moynihan did it again—showed some ankle, raised a few hopes, and dashed them.

This time, it was over President Clinton and his fitness to remain in office; but it could have been over just about anything. For conservatives—particularly the "neo" variety—Moynihan has long been the Heartbreak Kid. He talks a good game, provides flashes of his vaunted independence, and appears ready to break from his fellow Democrats. But when the roll is called, there he is, safe in the bosom of his party, voting with Chris Dodd, Ted Kennedy, and the rest of the reliables.

Moynihan—nearing the end of his fourth and final term as senator from New York—has been doing this for over 20 years. And even now, his right-leaning admirers sigh over him, remembering that, once upon a time, he was the brightest political star in the neocon universe, poised to redeem a party that had been swallowed by the Woodstock mud. Many of them speak of Moynihan in terms of unrequited love—Pat the jilter. Says one, "He's like the blonde in high school, who'll give you a look, whisper something nice, and make you think you have a chance. But, when you ask her out, she has to stay home and curl her hair." Another describes Moynihan as "the country's foremost practitioner of coitus interruptus," sowing frustration in every bed. Still another—a former staffer—says, "We don't feel betrayed; we just feel sad. He has utterly wasted his talents."

One New York journalist, who for decades has followed every Moynihan zig and zag, asks a near-despairing ques-

"THE BEST exploration I've seen of Hollywood...and the Communist Party."
—CHARLTON HESTON



"BREAKS NEW GROUND."
—*Wall Street Journal*

"For years we've been treated to the left-wing version of the Hollywood blacklist. Now Lloyd Billingsley has provided us with the rest of the story."
—DAVID HOROWITZ, author of *Radical Son*

"An absolutely captivating achievement."
—RICHARD GRENIER, columnist and author of *Capturing the Culture*

AVAILABLE AT BOOKSTORES or Call 1-800-632-8676
FORUM • An Imprint of Prima Publishing • www.primapublishing.com

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tion: "Who can say, even now, what is in Pat's heart?"

On the matter of Clinton, Moynihan bared more than his ankle—he went practically up to the waist. When the Lewinsky storm broke in January 1998, he reacted with alarm, sputtering (as sputter he does) about a "crisis of the regime." If the president had indeed exploited an intern for sex, Moynihan warned, "it represents a disorder." The White House was nervous. No other Democrat was sounding so stern.

Some eight months later, the Clinton camp was again shaken when Sen. Joe

■

On Clinton, Moynihan did what he always does: gave the appearance of independence, then retreated to the party.

■

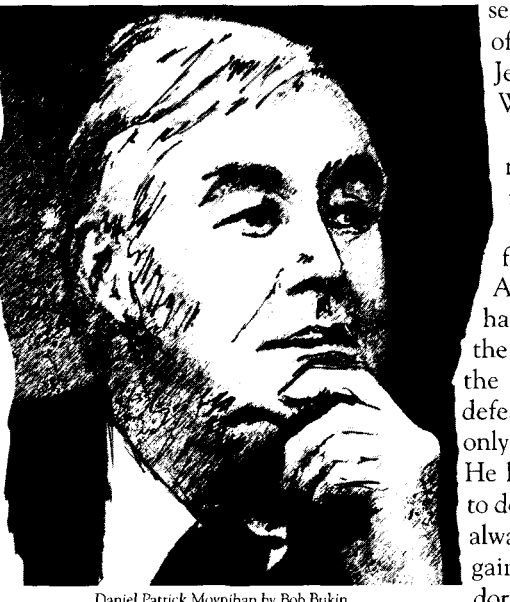
Lieberman, Democrat of Connecticut, took to the floor to upbraid the president for "immorality." Two other Democrats rose to support his statement: Nebraska's Bob Kerrey (for years a Clinton rival and critic) and Moynihan.

Three days after that, Moynihan's high dudgeon reached its apogee. In an extraordinary interview with ABC, he all but demanded that the president pack his bags. The House needed to "get on with it," he said, and then "we," the Senate, "have our job to do as an effective jury." There were legal issues to consider, yes, but "beyond that, moral issues, which are also relevant"—for "an impeachment process does not turn on legalities." Moynihan insisted that "you cannot have this kind of conduct as normal and acceptable and easily dismissed." The Lewinsky scandal was no private concern, to be kept within the First Family, as the president had alleged; rather, "it is the family of America that is involved."

Was perjury in a civil case impeachable? he was asked. "Yes." And perjury before a grand jury? "Yes." And sustained lying to the public at large? "It is." Furthermore, removal of a president posed no threat whatever to civil order, Moynihan argued. "Must not be afraid of it. It's provided in the Constitution. It's a very straightforward provision." And "when justice is done, the heavens don't fall. You have to be prepared for the worst and do the right thing."

That was September. In December, the House did indeed impeach Clinton, and the case did indeed go to the Senate. And that, of course, is when Moynihan crumbled—right on cue. The day before Christmas, he informed the *New York Times* that, in conducting a trial of Clinton, "you could very readily destabilize the presidency," even "move to a randomness." "Do not doubt," he lectured, "that you could degrade the republic quickly." Moynihan would countenance censure, but nothing else. Was he open to a financial penalty, on top of a congressional dressing-down? Moynihan—widely celebrated as the most eloquent man in American politics—answered, "Bad, bad, bad! Wrong, wrong, wrong!" So, no.

The White House almost visibly swooned with relief and joy. Everyone's favorite sage had said that the Senate could not oust the president without placing the country—nay, the world!—at grave risk. The editors of the *Times* smiled their approval ("Sound Advice from the Senate"), declaring that Moynihan, "a student of the Constitution," had supplied badly needed "leadership" with his "astute analysis of the case." Republicans and conservatives fumed at so bald a reversal; but none, really, was surprised. There would be no more GOP talk of Moynihan as the conscience of his party, standing up for the supremacy of law. There would be no more talk of his leading a Democratic delegation, Watergate-style, to ask the president to resign. Pat had folded. Period.



Daniel Patrick Moynihan by Bob Bukin

There had been a sign or two, even before December, that Moynihan might jerk Clinton's way. In April, for instance, he indulged in a shameless bit of Carvillean rhetoric, snapping, "What is this business of subpoenaing bookstores? It is no crime to read, and what you read has nothing to do with the court." He mused about the danger to democracies of police-state tactics. And yet, the independent counsel's office had not attempted to outlaw reading, as Moynihan must have known; it had sought to confirm the purchase of a gift, an element of the evidence that the president and his men were laboring to conceal. But perhaps Moynihan, again, was trying to be all things to all people (not a shocking political trait)—and, to a degree, succeeding.

Well then: "What Happened to Pat?" This is an old, unending game, played with increasing weariness in the parlors of the center-Right. Among his more conservative associates—friends, ex-staffers, colleagues, chroniclers—there is an abiding disappointment in Moynihan, a feeling that he squandered his opportunity for greatness, trading principle after principle for a cozy life in an unthreatened seat. They like him personally (as who, apparently, could not?). But they speak virtually as one in lamenting the course of this former golden boy, a figure so dazzling, so energetic, so capable, that some allowed themselves to dream of a second Jefferson in the White House.

When Moynihan first ran for the Senate in 1976, he faced Bella Abzug, the behatted darling of the dotty Left, in the primary. He defeated her by only 10,000 votes. He had been able to do so, he would always believe, by gaining the endorsement of the *New York Times* (an endorsement over which the paper's chief editorialist, the Abzug-favoring John Oakes, resigned). According to a certain school of thought, Moynihan absorbed two key lessons from that campaign: avoid a primary challenge from the left; and never stray terribly far from the *Times*'s editorial page.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

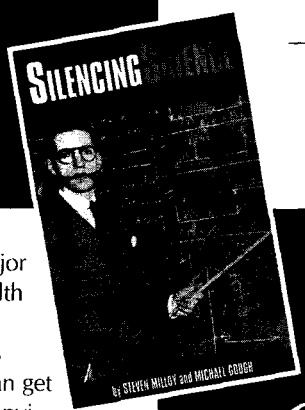
Many argue that it is impossible to overestimate the importance of the *Times* in Moynihan's mind. They say that the paper's influence is more critical to understanding his trajectory than even the hard realities of New York politics. "He lived and died by the *Times*," says a former staffer, "he really did." Remarks another, "Pat didn't think like the *Times*; he was too smart for that. But he took care to vote that way." Former aides recall the day when the paper covered a Moynihan speech on page one. The staff was ecstatic. But when the senator arrived at the office, he was unusually glum. Thinking to cheer him up, a staffer offered, "Did you see the *Times*?" "Yup," grumped Moynihan. Exclaimed the staffer, "It's on page one!" Whereupon Moynihan growled, dead-serious, "Below the fold" (meaning, on the lower half of the page).

A colleague reflects that, once in the Senate, "Pat sometimes talked like the old Moynihan, sometimes wrote an article like the old Moynihan—but he always voted like a liberal Democrat." Moynihan started out as a Cold War hawk—against the prevailing winds of his party—but rapidly became, if not quite a dove, no recognizable strain of hawk. He opposed President Reagan at nearly every turn, including on Grenada and Nicaragua. He denounced abortion as "sinful," yet supported federal funding of it. He railed against the education monopoly—pronouncing tuition tax credits a question of "social justice"—but quickly lost his voice as a school reformer.

He put Big Labor on notice that he was wary of minimum-wage hikes, yet continued to vote for them. He issued Cassandra-like warnings about the demise of Social Security, but balked at meaningful adjustments to the system. He spoke out strongly against the Gulf War, sniffing that Kuwait was "a none too pretty principality" and counseling President Bush to have "the courage of patience"; eight years later, he conceded that his vote against the war was one of his main regrets.

On the subject of welfare, Moynihan is almost a complete puzzle. He is acknowledged as one of the country's leading authorities on the matter, yet he had no role at all in the historic reform of the mid Nineties—except to con-

Pesky Scientists in Your Way? Here's How to Silence 'Em



"A perceptive, eminently readable book... remarkable insights into the manipulation of science for other than laudable ends."

—D.A. Henderson, M.D.
Dean, Johns Hopkins School of Public Health

Science has been a major contributor to the health and wealth we enjoy today, but not everyone is happy with it. Science can get in the way of social and environmental activists, politicians, lawyers, and government regulators. This book is a tongue-in-cheek "how-to" manual for the concerned citizen annoyed by "pesky" science.
68 pp./$8.00 paper

Available at fine bookstores.

CATO INSTITUTE
1000 Massachusetts Ave., N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20001

Call toll-free to order: 1-800-767-1241
(12-9 pm EST, M-F)

COLLEGE OF ARTS & SCIENCES

Elect To Make Politics Your Career.

★
MS in POLITICAL SCIENCE

Build on your ideals and expand your political horizons. This unique program has a proven track record for preparing graduates for key positions.

Fund-raising
•
Lobbying
•
Public Opinion Polling
•
Speech-Writing
•
Work in area political campaigns

www.suffolk.edu

FOR INFORMATION CALL:
617-573-8302

THE GRADUATE PROGRAMS AT
Suffolk University
BEACON HILL • BOSTON • MA

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

demn it in memorably savage terms. "An act of unprecedented social vindictiveness," he called it, "the most regressive event in the social policy of the 20th century." He warned of "children on grates," "scenes of social trauma such as we haven't known since the cholera epidemics," a "social risk that no sane person would take—and I mean that."

Despite all this, Moynihan remains the liberal politician whom conservatives—particularly in the capital—love best. When he announced his retirement, the *Washington Times* paid him lavish tribute, even as, on the same page, it attacked Newt Gingrich, also stepping aside. Why this stubborn fondness? "Style," responds a friend. "He's a glittering dinner companion, an astounding intellect, whose knowledge is unparalleled—even if he doesn't do anything with it, which is the problem." Says another, "He's one of us. He's not Al D'Amato; he's a professor. It's a little like *The New Republic*: They have a thousand interesting things to say, even if they wind up—you know—being for Mondale."

One exasperated critic contends that Moynihan has let himself be a political Rorschach test, in whom people see whatever they desire. For his well-wishers on the right, the idea of Moynihan has always been lovelier than the reality of him. "I think the hopes of many people for Moynihan may have been too high," concludes a former advisor, "but he disappointed even those whose hopes were fairly low." Moynihan's reputation may be absurdly inflated—"but not compared with his abilities, which are vast; it is inflated compared with what he has actually done. He has done no more than [the late senator] Jacob Javits, who had essentially no views. Pat did have views. He simply forgot them, or sublimated them, or figured out that they were more trouble than they were worth, politically."

The remarkable fact, contends a one-time ally, is that "Bill Clinton has done infinitely more to pull the Democratic party back toward the center—even the center-Right, in some areas—than Moynihan ever tried to do. The so-called maverick Democrats like Moynihan and Lieberman—the Maimonides of New Haven, when he is orating: They're all fakes in the end. They will not really confront the Left. They will fight for nothing." (Sen. Moynihan declined to be interviewed while the Clinton trial was in progress.)

Reports have it that Moynihan would like to leave, as his legacy, a new Pennsylvania Station for New York City, perhaps to be renamed for him. It is sure to be a swell monument, and a useful public building. But it seems so little, for one who, entering the Senate all those years ago, promised so much—and is so extravagantly praised today. **NR**

■ **CAMPAIGN 2000** ■

Impeachment Test

The first gut check of the primary campaign.

KATE O'BEIRNE

REPUBLICANS hope to have changed the subject from impeachment to a winning issues agenda by November 2000. A final accounting, though, may well take place during the GOP primaries, with voters asking presidential candidates the political equivalent of, "What did you do in the great war, Daddy?" Only a minority of voters want to see Bill Clinton tossed out of office; but they occupy key GOP terrain. During the primary season, candidates will be courting the 30 percent of the public who strongly support Clinton's impeachment and conviction.

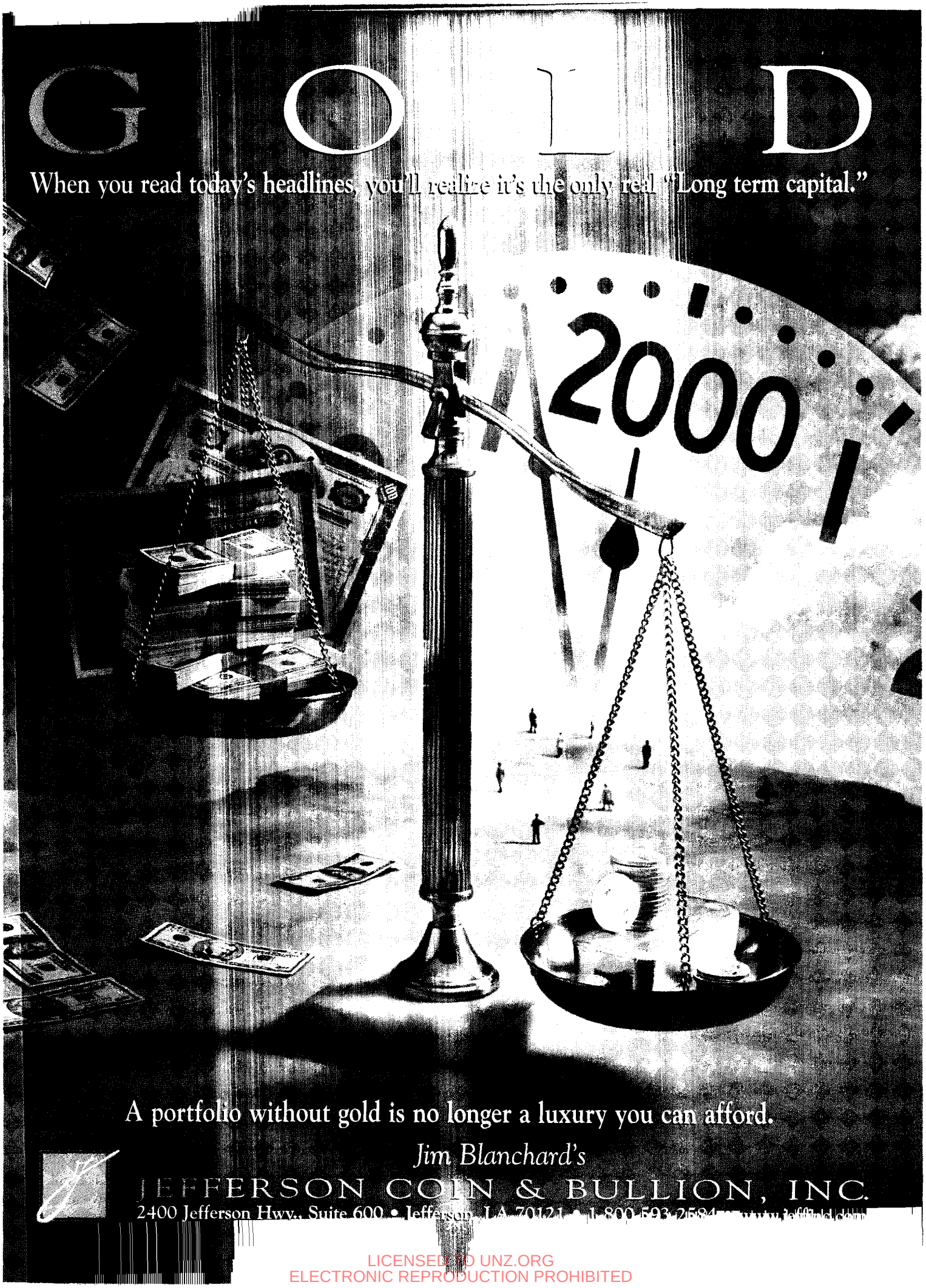
"Actually, it's not nearly as bad as I thought it would be."

The positions taken by candidates on Clinton are likely to be framed as evidence either of timidity in the face of Democratic assaults or of courage in behalf of the rule of law and moral leadership. As one strategist for a conservative GOP candidate points out, "The House of Representatives made a collective statement on behalf of the party and began taking shrapnel. It was no time for the rest of us to equivocate." An advisor to another conservative candidate explains, "The impeachment issue will have passed, and we will want it to have passed, but the issue provided a character test." Several GOP primary hopefuls are bound to argue that, with Congress confronting the ordeal of impeachment, then was the time for all good men to come to the aid of their party.

Most of the prospective candidates have in fact aided their beleaguered brethren. Steve Forbes provided some air cover for House Republicans by running radio ads in Washington praising those who supported impeachment for "putting principle and integrity first." The morning after the midterm elections, Gary Bauer held a press conference urging Congress to do its duty by going forward with the impeachment inquiry. He criticized censure as an impermissible option. As post-election pressure was building for a deal, Dan Quayle, on the *New York Times* op-ed page, also opposed censure. Quayle argued that there was no constitutional basis for censuring a president, meaning, "It is impeachment and removal from office—or nothing." Lamar Alexander, like Forbes, Bauer, and Quayle, called on Clinton to resign earlier in the year; later, Alexander announced that he supported the House vote to impeach because "the evidence of perjury is overwhelming."

A week before that vote, another key Republican also declined to equivocate—he actually agreed with the Democrats. With the fate of the vote resting with the New York delegation, Gov. George Pataki urged the House to permit a vote on a censure resolution, as Congress could then "put this behind us and focus on a positive agenda for change." Pataki explained that any perjury by President Clinton before the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


GOLD
When you read today's headlines, you'll realize it's the only real "Long term capital."
2000
A portfolio without gold is no longer a luxury you can afford.
Jim Blanchard's
JEFFERSON COIN & BULLION, INC.
2400 Jefferson Hwy., Suite 600 • Jefferson, LA 70121 • 1-800-593-2584

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

grand jury was mitigated because "it was about his personal behavior."

After the elections, Republican governors as a class were stroked by the media as the most popular politicians in the land, and many of them obligingly purred. Pataki faulted congressional Republicans for allowing the party's agenda to be drowned out by "nationalizing the president's moral behavior." Connecticut governor John Rowland joined the "get it over with" caucus by calling for a vote on censure. Rowland explained that he believed the president had lied under oath, which could warrant impeachment, "but I take it to the next level: Is it in the public good to impeach the president? My answer is no."

Many Republican governors were stroked by the media, and many of them obligingly purred.

Gov. Marc Racicot of Montana refused to say how the House should vote, but didn't mind criticizing Ken Starr and the House Judiciary Committee for their handling of the evidence. Wisconsin governor Tommy Thompson declared that the House acted properly in voting to impeach Clinton, but urged the Senate to make a quick deal: "Since he's not going to be convicted, let's get it over with."

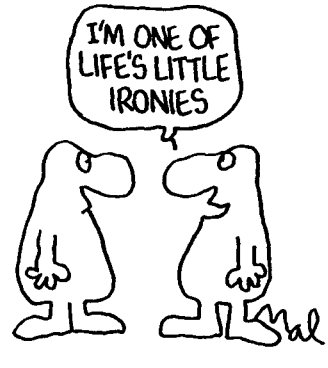
Other governors, though, didn't calibrate their remarks to media sensibilities and opinion polls. Following the House vote, Gov. Tom Ridge of Pennsylvania, an ex-congressman, praised his former colleagues' commitment to the rule of law and repeated his call for the president to step down. Gov. Frank Keating of Oklahoma saw impeachment as "a necessary and appropriate step because of the dishonor brought to the office of the presidency by Bill Clinton." He too urged Clinton to resign.

There is no shortage of media clips on the responses of most leading Republican politicians to the biggest political drama of their adult lives. But the leading contender for the Republican nomination in 2000 has said little. Unlike Govs. Ridge and Keating, and New Jersey governor Christine Todd Whitman, Gov. George W. Bush of Texas refused to call on the president to resign. "He is going to have to ask how effective he is as the president of the United States. I'm certainly not going to be out here on the sidelines chirping away, giving him advice," he explained last September. And he was similarly reticent on the question of whether Clinton should be impeached. Bush's unwillingness to "chirp away" has an advisor to one of his rivals crowing: The governor "has a 70 percent approval rating in Texas, *and he won't say the president ought to be impeached?*"

Bush has sympathized with the public's weariness over the Lewinsky affair and has criticized the release of all the tawdry details by Congress. Otherwise, his comments have concerned the scandal's impact on his own plans. "This has been a very depressing time for me," he has said. "The process in Washington is a sullied process, and I take no joy in any of this going on."

The only possible Republican presidential contender who has had less to say than George W. is Elizabeth Dole. When she announced her intention to resign as president of the Red Cross, she refused to answer questions about impeachment or other political issues because she was remaining at the organization for another couple of weeks. Her likely primary opponents are waiting to see whether she is willing to join the fray.

Primary-campaign strategists say that there is no plan to extend the shelf life of an issue that virtually all Republicans want to see ended. But they anticipate that a telling question might well be asked when the candidates share a debate stage: "Where were *you* when the country needed your leadership?" **NR**



■ CAMPAIGN 2000 II ■

Invincible Ignorance

The Bush inevitability talk gets punctured early.

RICHARD LOWRY

GRANT the Dole family this: They're good at quitting. Elizabeth Dole's decision to step down as head of the Red Cross was Washington's savviest resignation since husband Bob unexpectedly left the Senate in 1996 (it was either the White House or back to Russell, Kansas . . . or over to a lucrative lobbying job for a D.C. law firm). Elizabeth didn't actually commit herself to a candidacy or—why start now?—to any ideas, but she made a p.r. splash. Her poll numbers soared to George W. Bush levels and suddenly the word insiders were using to describe the 2000 GOP nomination race was "fluid."

As indeed they should. If Elizabeth Dole were to assemble a group of talented operatives and run to the right on a faith-based message—Bob Dole's "Hollywood speech cubed," as one strategist puts it—she would be a formidable force, a candidate with establishment credentials and appeal to the GOP base. If, on the other hand, she were to run as Colin Powell in a skirt, she would probably fizzle like any other media-generated candidate. In any case, her instant rise in the polls put a dent in the early governing paradigm of the race: the invincibility of George W. Bush.

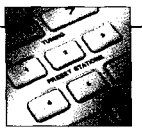
Bush has his share of vulnerabilities, among them:

Not running. At this point, the train is leaving the station and Bush would have to yank on the brake hard not to run; his poll numbers are still fantastic, and the media and parts of the GOP are all but begging him to do it. But it's still not clear that he has the obsessive ambition

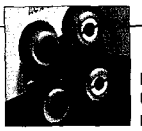
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Hear why the Bose® Wave® radio was named a "Best New Product of 1994" by *Business Week*.

Tabletop radios are popular for their convenience and small size. But their sound quality leaves much to be desired. No one really expects high-fidelity sound from a radio. Until now.



Set six AM and six FM stations.



Easily connect your CD player, cassette player, TV, or VCR.

Just as a flute strengthens a breath of air to fill an entire concert hall, the waveguide produces room-filling sound from a small enclosure. This technology and performance is available in no other radio.

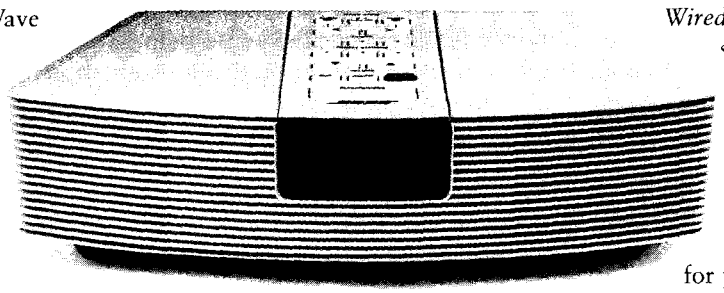
You'll touch a button and hear your favorite music come alive in rich stereo sound. You'll hear every note the way it's *meant* to be heard. The Wave radio measures just 4⅛"H × 14"W × 8¼"D and fits almost anywhere. So you can listen in your bedroom, living room, kitchen, or any room. And with your choice of imperial white or graphite gray, the Wave radio not only fits in any room, it fits any decor.

Call now and make six interest-free payments.

The Wave radio is available for $349 directly from Bose, the most respected name in sound. So call 1-800-845-BOSE, ext. T2363, to learn more about our in-home trial and 100% satisfaction guarantee. When you call, be sure to ask about our six-month installment payment plan.

Hear The Radio That Woke Up An Entire Industry.

Bose presents the Wave radio. It's the one radio acclaimed by leading audio critics. Because it's the one radio that delivers big, rich, lifelike stereo sound *plus* a small, convenient size.



Wired magazine said it has a "clean, sweet sound that will have your friends wondering where you've hidden your fancy speakers." But you have to hear the Wave radio for yourself to believe it.

The best-sounding radio you can buy.

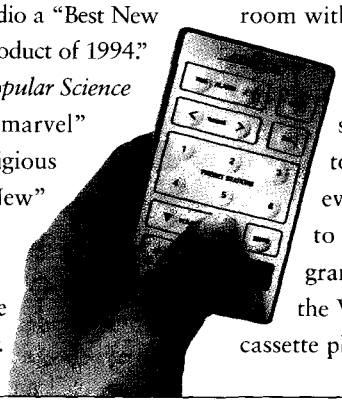
We think the Wave radio is the best-sounding radio you can buy. And audio critics agree. *Radio World* called the sound "simply amazing... a genuine breakthrough in improved sound quality." *Business Week* named the Wave radio a "Best New Product of 1994." *Popular Science* called it "a sonic marvel" and gave it a prestigious "Best of What's New" award. The key is our patented acoustic waveguide speaker technology.

The speakers in conventional radios cannot produce lifelike bass, which is essential for great sound.

Only the Wave radio with acoustic waveguide speaker technology produces high-quality sound with full, rich bass.

Remote-controlled convenience.

Operate the radio from across the room with the credit card-sized remote control. Set six AM and six FM stations, and switch between them at the touch of a button. You can even bring great Bose sound to recorded music, TV programs, or movies by connecting the Wave radio to your CD or cassette player, TV, or VCR.



Call today, 1-800-845-BOSE, ext. T2363.

For information on all our products:
www.bose.com/t2363

Our six-month installment payment plan is available on telephone orders only.

Please specify your color choice when ordering the Wave® radio:
☐ Imperial White ☐ Graphite Gray

Mr./Mrs./Ms. _____
Name (Please Print)

Address _____

City State Zip _____

( ) _____
Daytime Telephone

( ) _____
Evening Telephone

Mail to: Bose® Corporation, Dept. CDD-T2363, The Mountain, Framingham, MA 01701-9168.

BOSE®
Better sound through research®

©1999 Bose Corporation. Covered by patent rights issued and/or pending. Installment payment plan not to be combined with any other offer and available on credit card orders only. Price does not include $15 shipping and handling and applicable sales tax. Price and/or payment plan subject to change without notice. Frank Beacham, *Radio World*, 12/93. *Wired*, 6/94.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of, say, a Bob Dole that is necessary to undertake a national campaign. And given his reportedly reckless youth, the emergence of Larry Flynt, investigative journalist, may give Bush pause. There will be nagging doubts about Bush's commitment until he makes an announcement this spring.

A late start. Bush won't announce until as late as May. This gives his competitors a couple of months' head start. Unlike other candidates, Bush can't adopt a peripatetic schedule now lest he upset state legislators. "All of the sudden," warns one GOP strategist, "the chairman of the budget committee says, 'You're too busy to meet with me? Okay, you don't have a budget.' " So, besides a trip to a National Governors' Association meeting in February and a speech at the tony Alfalfa Club in Washington, D.C., Bush doesn't plan to leave the state while the legislature is in session, turning down what one advisor says are three or four out-of-state invitations a day.

With all Bush's strengths, staying in Austin a couple of months isn't a dreadful handicap. But it gives opponents a chance to stake a prior claim to issues, as Dan Quayle did in Washington recently with a strong speech on defense at the Heritage Foundation. Opponents also have a window to snatch up uncommitted activists and operatives. As *Des Moines Register* reporter David Yepsen has written, "It's time for Bush to point his Gulfstream north and get going." The five-month lag would also hurt an ordinary candidate's fundraising; yet, as soon as Bush enters the race, $1,000 contributions will presumably start raining from heaven.

The Texas legislature. The Texas legislative session just begun is an opportunity for Bush to outline his political program by pointing to actual accomplishments—something beyond the reach of most of the field (which ranges from out-of-work-governors to magazine publishers to marginal radio-talk-show personalities). The problem is that a legislature is not easily controlled: Both Mario Cuomo in 1992 and Pete Wilson in 1996 got black eyes from their respective capitols. Bush has cordial relations with legislators. But reality has already dealt Bush a blow, as a smaller-than-expected budget surplus will force him to scale back the $2.7 billion tax cut he campaigned on, and opposition in the legislature prompted him to back off a plan to eliminate "social promotion" in schools outright. (Operatives from other campaigns will happily direct you to the press reports.)

Message. It's possible that Bush can get by without much of one—"Message: I'm compassionate"—but that would leave a gaping opening for a candidate with more ideological fire and political imagination. Abortion in particular could be a stumbling block if Bush continues to say, as he did in a *New York Times Magazine* piece, that the Supreme Court has settled the law through *Roe* v. *Wade*. Bush has gone out of his way to meet in Austin with conservative luminaries (see John J. Miller's "Bush's League," Dec. 21, 1998). But this may be less an ideological exercise than a typically Bush-family relational one. "His idea of wooing conservatives," says an aide from an opposing campaign, "is finding out from someone who the big-name conservatives are, then calling them on the phone or having them down to Austin." For the Bushes, politics has always been chiefly about establishing relationships with the right people—and letting the ideas fall where they may.

The attack. Steve Forbes ran some of the nastiest campaign ads of 1996. This time he hopes to raise $20 million and supplement it with many millions more of his own money. Since Forbes won't accept federal matching funds, he will be constrained by none of the ridiculous spending limits in the early primary and caucus states—making it possible, if he chooses, to run an avalanche of anti-Bush ads. Gary Bauer, who makes up in fundraising prowess what he lacks in elected experience, will be in a position to pile on. Elizabeth Dole's serious flirtation with running may reflect a recognition of how close the early Forbes deluge came to defeating her husband in 1996.

The sins of the father. George W. Bush's father brings enormous benefits, from high name recognition to an extensive fundraising network. Bauer strategist Jeff Bell guesses that part of the reason for George W.'s steadily rising poll numbers over the last year of Monicagate is increasing nostalgia for the days of a Bush in the White House (and that the numbers will fade as the scandal fades). But George W. will field awkward questions about his father's legacy on taxes, China policy, and Saddam, among other things. Also, patrimony alone is enough to create immediate suspicion on the right. President Bush, after all, was sold as a politician who had left Connecticut to make his own way in Texas and was much more conservative than *his* dad had been. George Bush's response to skeptics in 1980? "I'm not a liberal. I voted conservatively. But I have compassion."

Frontrunning. Another advantage with a potential downside, leading the pack means there's nowhere to go but down. "The question is how fast is the downward trajectory," says a former Dole aide, recalling the dynamic of the race in 1996. "Can you reach the runway before you crash?" Boredom is another enemy, as the press will eventually look for a story besides the inevitability of George W.—as it did after Elizabeth Dole's announcement, briefly supplanting one hyped, untested national candidate with another.

Let the race begin. **NR**

■ **PUBLIC POLICY** ■

Program Upgrade

The changing politics of Bill Gates.

JOHN J. MILLER

IN 1994, a Microsoft employee e-mailed company chairman Bill Gates to tell him about her husband's campaign for the Washington state legislature. Stu Jacobson is a liberal Democrat, wrote wife Sandra. He favors abortion rights, wants stricter gun control, and supports the state's 1993 health-reform law (a mini version of ClintonCare). "It sounds like we agree on many things," replied Gates. "I am willing to endorse Stu."

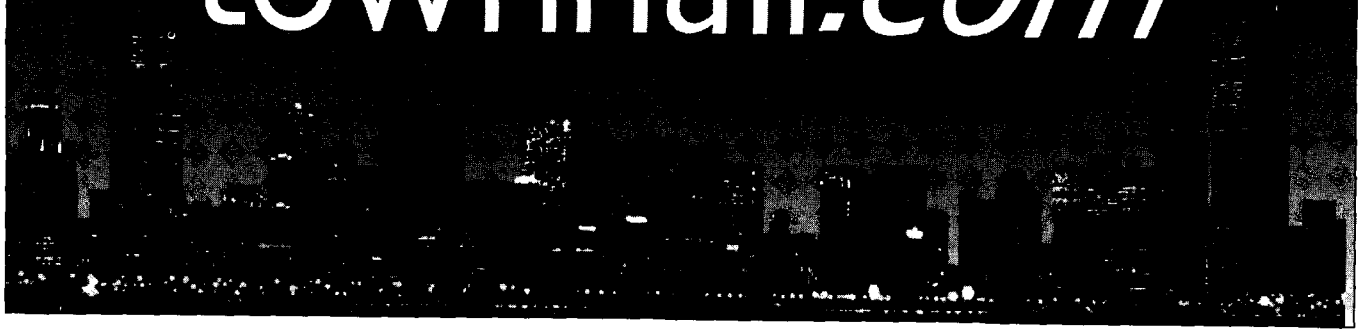
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In 1933,
the American People Tuned into
FDR's Fireside Chats on the Radio

In 1960,
the American People Tuned into
the Kennedy–Nixon Debates on T.V.

In 1999,
the American People Tune into
townhall.com on the World Wide Web for
the Latest Conservative News and Information

townhall.com



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JOIN BILL BUCKLEY AS WE CELEBRATE THE 10TH

CASPAR WEINBERGER, ALEXANDER HAIG, WILLIAM CLARK, RICHARD ALLEN, EDWIN MEESE, JAMES BUCKLEY
VERNON WALTERS, SAM NUNN, JOHN O'SULLIVAN, RICH LOWRY, KATE O'BEIRNE, & PETER RODMAN ON TH

NATIONAL REVIEW 1999 BALTIC CRUISE

London, Berlin, Oslo, Helsinki, Stockholm, St. Petersburg, Tallin, Bornholm, Århus, & Copenhagen. Sailing aboard Holland America Line's Spectacular* MS ROTTERDAM VI *July 18-30, 1999

1999. Has it already been ten years since the Berlin Wall fell? Has a decade passed since the Iron Curtain began to disintegrate?

Times flies when you're having . . . freedom.

To mark the historic 10th anniversary of one of the greatest episodes of the 20th century, your favorite conservative magazine—the very journal that was at the forefront of the fight against Soviet totalitarianism—is proud to announce a special event: the ***National Review 1999 Baltic Cruise***.

Joining **Bill Buckley** and *NR* editors **Rich Lowry**, **John O'Sullivan**, **Kate O'Beirne**, and **Peter Rodman** aboard Holland America Line's luxurious flagship, the MS *Rotterdam VI*, for this once-in-a-lifetime affair will be some of the biggest names of the battle against Communism, including former Defense Secretary **Caspar Weinberger**, former Secretary of State **Alexander Haig**, former White House National Security chiefs **William Clark** and **Richard Allen**, former Senator **Sam Nunn**, former Attorney General **Edwin Meese**, General **Vernon Walters** (former UN Ambassador, CIA nabob, and Ambassador to West Germany when the Wall a-tumbled!), and former Senator **James Buckley**, who ran Radio Free Europe/Radio Liberty for the Gipper, (and who's also the brother of you-know-who!). The ***National Review 1999 Baltic Cruise*** will be your once-in-a-lifetime chance to meet the key players and tacticians who fought and triumphed in the epic battle to topple Soviet totalitarianism.

Through seven seminar sessions, numerous social events, and 12 nights of fine dining (when you'll be enjoying intimate meals with our special guests), the ***National Review 1999 Baltic Cruise*** will provide you with a special, unique opportunity to hear the inside story on how some great men and women worked together to pull off the greatest feat of modern times: restoring freedom to hundreds of millions of oppressed people.

Imagine yourself discussing the roll-back of the Soviet threat with **Caspar Weinberger**. Or finding out from **William Clark** and **Vernon Walters** how Ronald Reagan forged an alliance with the Vatican to keep Poland's Solidarity movement alive. Or learning from **Ed Meese** the inside-the-Oval Office details of how the Gipper battled the Evil Empire. Or asking **Al Haig** how he coordinated anti-Soviet policies with America's allies. Or finding out from **Sam Nunn** the key support this fight received from Democrats (well, some Democrats). Or hearing from **Jim Buckley** how an embattled American radio outfit kept hope alive for millions

NR'S GIFTS: FREE LUXURY BERLIN EXCURSION . . .

July 22, 1999, will be a great day for *NR* cruisers. Early that morning the *Rotterdam VI* will dock in Warnermünde, Germany, where we'll hop on a luxury train for a trip through the lush countryside. Our destination: Berlin. There, air-conditioned motor coaches will take us from one historic landmark to another, including, of course, the remains of the infamous Wall. From dawn till dusk, you'll enjoy great sights, food, drinks, and companionship. This special bells-and-whistles excursion costs $400 per person. But it's yours, FREE, as *National Review*'s "thank you" for joining us on this once-in-a-lifetime trip!

. . . PLUS *NR* WILL PAY FOR ALL THE "EXTRAS"!

Port fees, taxes, transfers, gratuities—those "incidental" costs add up. For the Baltic cruise, they will run roughly $425.00 per person. But as yet another way of saying "thanks," *NR* is picking up this. All told, the Berlin tour plus the "incidentals" is a whopping $825.00 per person value, at no cost to you. How can you say "No" to that?!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ANNIVERSARY OF THE BERLIN WALL'S FALL WITH

of Europeans. Or reliving with **Bill Buckley** his hand-to-hand fighting in the public arena with America's apologist Left.

All of this can, and will, happen on the ***National Review 1999 Baltic Cruise***. The question is, will you be there?

We hope so. On top of all the discussion of great events, on top of the celebration of the 10th Anniversary of the Berlin Wall's fall, the ***National Review 1999 Baltic Cruise*** will be a phenomenal travel extravaganza that will bring you face to face with northern Europe's most historic cities and most beautiful sights.

The "Voyage of the Vikings and Czars," as Holland America has dubbed the cruise, is one of the most sought-after vacations, and for good reason: the sights are so stunning, the ports so beautiful, and the "season" so short that most 1999 Baltic cruises are already sold out!

But don't fret: *NR* has a lock on 225 cabins (over 60 are *already* gone!) for this special July voyage—but only for a limited time, so you must act quickly. Here's our schedule:The floating paradise for this special journey is the *Rotterdam VI*, Holland America's new

flagship (everything is in mint condition, and one step above top notch). On board this impeccable vessel you will find every-thing—pools, shops, and lounges galore, plus a casino, java bar, library and puzzle room, spa (with sauna, masseuse, and steam bath), beauty salon, movie theater, tennis courts, running track, and so much more. Whether it's day or night, the *Rotterdam VI* offers you endless entertainment and activities. And as for the sumptuous cuisine, well, it can be summed up in one delicious word: *wunderbar*!

FANTASTIC EUROPEAN ITINERARY

LONDON is the departure point for the *Rotterdam VI*, which will visit:
OSLO, Norway's cosmopolitan capital and the citadel of all things Viking;
ÅRHUS, Denmark's charming port and pit-stop to visit numerous sights, including Hans Christian Andersen's birthplace;
WARNERMÜNDE/BERLIN, where you can take our special tour to visit the historic sights (Checkpoint Charlie, the Wall Museum, the Brandenburg Gate, and so much more) of Germany's capital;
BORNHOLM, the popular Danish island famous for its glass, ceramics, and herring!;
STOCKHOLM, Sweden's capital, home to such glorious waterways that it's called the "Venice of the North";
HELSINKI, Finland's stunning capital, renowned for its gleaming art and shopping districts, your gateway to Lapland;
ST. PETERSBURG, the ancient home to the Czars where you'll find the Hermitage, the Winter Palace, and the spectacular Cathedral of St. Peter and St. Paul;
MUUGA/TALLIN, Estonia's capital and a tourist's paradise—museums abound in the most "intact" medieval city in Northern Europe; and
COPENHAGEN, the final port for this fantastic cruise, famous for its cobblestone streets and squares (why not stay an extra day or two in this walker's paradise?!).

Even better are the *Rotterdam*'s staterooms—they are elegant and large, and some feature incredible extras (there are many with big, private verandahs—but they're *going fast*!). And on the "Concierge Deck," where the *Rotterdam VI* sports 4 Penthouse Suites (each one some 1,126 square feet) and 36 Suites (565 square feet), there's the

exclusive "Neptune Lounge" (it features a library and a concierge office—with an officer dedicated to handling all your special requests!). No matter which type of cabin you reserve, or in which restaurant you dine, or of what amenities you take advantage, you'll be overwhelmed by Holland America Line's service, style, attentiveness, and grace.

Prices for the ***National Review 1999 Baltic Cruise***—your unique opportunity to enjoy a luxury vacation while celebrating the demise of the USSR with America's greatest Cold Warriors—start at only $4,999 per person. (*NR* prices are a big savings off Holland America's "catalogue" rates, plus *NR* is paying for the special Berlin excursion and port fees, taxes, gratuities, and transfers—a combined $825 per-person value!)

Join William F. Buckley Jr., Caspar Weinberger, Alexander Haig, William Clark, Richard Allen, Edwin Meese, James Buckley, Vernon Walters, John O'Sullivan, Rich Lowry, Sam Nunn, Kate O'Beirne, and Peter Rodman for the cruise of your life. Call today for your ***National Review 1999 Baltic Cruise*** Information Kit. It's **FREE**, and includes everything you'll need to know about this spectacular celebration. Call 1-800-548-2184 today, before the cabin of your choice is *gone*!

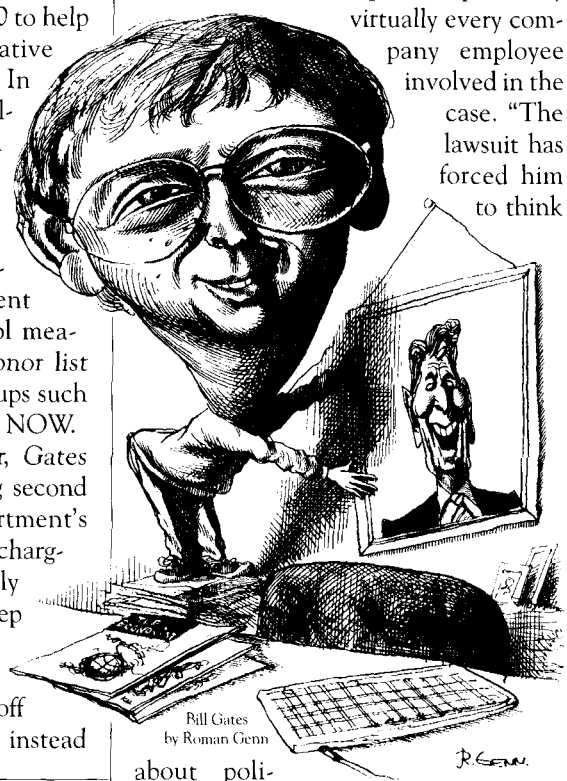
PREPARE FOR THE CRUISE OF YOUR LIFE. CALL 1-800-548-2184 TO GET YOUR NATIONAL REVIEW 1999 BALTIC CRUISE INFORMATION KIT.

Holland America Line
A TRADITION OF EXCELLENCE®
NGC Golf
National Golf Center
MONTECRUZ
SELECCION SUPREMA
H.UPMANN 1844

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Jacobson was clobbered on Election Day and quickly forgotten. But Gates's endorsement worried Republicans in the Evergreen State; they were starting to detect a disturbing pattern. One year earlier, Gates had given $80,000 to help defeat a tax-limitation initiative sponsored by conservatives. In interviews, he would occasionally identify himself as a Democrat. He golfed with President Clinton. In 1996, he gave money to Democrat Gary Locke's gubernatorial campaign, and in 1997 he spent $35,000 backing a gun-control measure. Microsoft's corporate-donor list has long included left-wing groups such as the ACLU, the NAACP, and NOW.

In recent months, however, Gates appears to have started having second thoughts. The Justice Department's antitrust suit against Microsoft, charging it with predatory monopoly practices, has left Gates in a deep funk. Huge amounts of his personal time and his company's resources have gone to fending off Clinton-administration lawyers instead of developing new products. Gates wants nothing more than to have the federal government leave him alone and permit Microsoft the simple "freedom to innovate"—a catch phrase spoken by virtually every company employee involved in the case. "The lawsuit has forced him to think about politics more," says one Microsoft insider. "He's like the liberal who was 'mugged by reality,'" says another. It appears that the richest man in the world is wondering whether now it's time to join the Republicans.



Bill Gates
by Roman Genn

The 43-year-old Gates is actually the son of GOP parents, albeit of the Rockefeller variety. His father, also named Bill Gates, was one of Seattle's top lawyers before his retirement. He quietly moved in Republican circles and headed the state's bar association. In 1973, GOP governor Dan Evans tried to have him appointed to the federal bench, but the state's senators, Democrats Scoop Jackson and Warren Magnuson, refused to go along. Mary Gates, who died in 1994, was much more openly Republican. A leading figure on the social scene, she served on the steering committees of GOP candidates and accepted Evans's invitation to become a University of Washington regent.

Yet both parents displayed strong liberal streaks. Bill served on the national board of Planned Parenthood, and Mary was outspokenly in favor of abortion and environmentalism. They also got on well with many in the state's Democratic establishment. Brock Adams, a congressman and senator before becoming transportation secretary in the Carter administration, had introduced the couple in college. In 1972, Adams had the future Microsoft chairman work for one month as a summer page on Capitol Hill.

But Gates himself rarely thought about politics. One look and it's clear he barely has time to comb his hair, let alone consider the bigger questions in life. Since he first encountered computers in the late 1960s, his efforts have revolved almost exclusively around using machines to make money. Gates put off marriage until he was 38 because he had trouble committing to a relationship outside Microsoft—and he eventually married somebody who worked for him. When biographers Stephen Manes and Paul Andrews asked him about his faith for their 1993 book, *Gates*, the Congregationalist-raised billionaire displayed an astonishing nonchalance about religion: "Oh, I guess agnostic, atheist: I must be one of those things." He then amended it to a "Protestant who hasn't gone in a while." (His wife is Roman Catholic, and their children will be raised as such.)

Politically, Gates settled into the liberalism he grew up around, the kind that permeates the Pacific Northwest's yuppie culture. Like other technology entrepreneurs, he trusted free markets and never imagined that his industry's wealth would ever attract the interest of politicians. His initial political forays in Washington, D.C., were in defense of the entire technology industry. In 1995, he criticized a GOP-driven bill that would have restricted skilled immigration. "If you want to prevent companies like ours from doing work in the United States, this is a masterpiece," he told the *Washington Post*.

Then, the federal government started to single out Microsoft. With his business at stake, Gates reacted quickly. Microsoft's D.C. operation experienced the explosive growth of a successful Silicon Valley start-up. "They had zero presence on the Hill 18 months ago," says GOPer David McIntosh of Indiana. Now Microsoft is a major lobbying force, and its payroll

REMEMBER
NATIONAL REVIEW

Will future generations remember? Will the ideals you cherish *now* be sustained *then*? Will someone articulate your principles? Who will guide your grandchildren, your faith, and your country?

There is an answer.

With your help, *National Review* will endure as a powerful voice, sustaining those beliefs you hold dear. Now. And for future generations. As ever, standing athwart history, yelling Stop.

for more information contact:
National Review, Legacy
Attn.: James Kilbridge
215 Lexington Avenue, 4th Floor
New York, NY 10016

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

includes prominent Republicans such as former party leader Haley Barbour, tax activist Grover Norquist, and former congressman Vin Weber. Two years ago, the company's political giving was slight and mostly Democratic. This changed in the last election cycle. More than $250,000 went to individual candidates (70 percent of them Republicans) and nearly $525,000 in soft money to the parties (81 percent to the GOP).

Microsoft also has started to become an important benefactor to right-leaning public-policy groups, giving them financial support and free software. Recipients so far include the American Enterprise Institute, the Capital Research Center, the Cato Institute, the Competitive Enterprise Institute, the Federalist Society, the Heritage Foundation, and the Reason Foundation. "This list will grow," promises one Microsoft lobbyist.

'He's like the liberal who was "mugged by reality,"' says one Microsoft insider.

Gates's personal giving over the last two years is mixed, but decidedly tilted to the GOP. He wrote a $3,000 check for the Republican Majority Fund last year and also donated to Sens. John Ashcroft, Alfonse D'Amato, and John McCain, plus Washington representative Rick White. In October, Gates toured a Microsoft facility in North Carolina with a campaigning Sen. Lauch Faircloth. (Candidates may want to think twice before getting too close to Gates: D'Amato, Faircloth, and White all lost.)

This hardly makes Gates a card-carrying Republican. "As far as I know, he's an independent," says Rep. Jennifer Dunn, who headed Washington state's GOP for many years. Microsoft chief operating officer Bob Herbold, himself a Republican, also urges caution: "I wouldn't reach for a label on this guy, but I would definitely couch him as a conservative on economic issues. On social issues, moderate is a good descriptor" (this is a computer guy talking).

Still, Gates appears now to have a sharper political edge. When Microsoft's primary Internet rival, Netscape, put Robert Bork and Bob Dole on its lobbying payroll, Gates scowled that the company had hired "people who used to be Republicans," according to the *Seattle Times*. It's almost as if he considered them traitors.

The most important question is not what Gates thinks now, however, but where he'll be in the future. Gates owns about 500 million shares of Microsoft—about one-fifth of all company stock. This, plus other investments, mean that he may be worth $100 billion by the end of the year. He is already a major philanthropist, sponsoring foundations that hold well over $2 billion in assets and promising to give away upwards of 95 percent of his fortune later in life. The Gates Library Foundation is a model charity that puts Microsoft's chairman in the tradition of Andrew Carnegie; its board includes only one overtly political figure, former Democratic House whip Bill Gray. The family-run William H. Gates Foundation is a different story. So far, it has shown a propensity for funding groups involved in "reproductive health and family planning"—euphemisms for population control.

But these tendencies, like Gates's politics, are hardly set in stone. Since starting his own family, for example, Gates has shown a greater philanthropic interest in children's issues. Perhaps when his kids reach school age, he will champion serious education reform. At a December speech to the Manhattan Institute, Gates delivered one of his gee-whiz-the-future-sure-looks-neat speeches. During the question-and-answer session, however, he was asked about school choice. "We don't have a very good model of how you bring marketplace-type competition and excellence to the various elements there," he said. "The idea of allowing some people to try things in different ways and measure those experiments—it seems like it'd be a very positive thing."

The reply was vintage Gates: quickly considered, semi-committal, and something that just might give conservatives hope. **NR**

Why Thomas More College of Liberal Arts ?

- Catholic liberal arts, solid **core curriculum**
- dedicated **teaching** faculty
- emphasis on **writing** and **primary** sources
- sophomore **Rome** semester
- **tuition**, room, and board $16,200
- public and private **financial aid**
- selected by the **National Review's** college guide as one of America's 50 Top Liberal Arts Schools.

Summer Program for High-School Students

Courses in literature, philosophy, politics, and apologetics; daytrips to Boston, Maine, and Mt. Monadnock; daily chapel; daily swimming and games at Naticook Lake: Session I: July11-July24; Session II: July 25-August 7. Cost: **$790**

THE THOMAS MORE COLLEGE OF LIBERAL ARTS

6 Manchester Street, Merrimack, New Hampshire 03054
Peter O'Connor, Director of Admissions, 603-880-8308
E-mail: P.Sampo@GEnie.geis.com

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

■ COVER STORY ■

The Highest Crime

Forget the damage to the office and the country.

Look what he's done to sex.

CHRISTOPHER BUCKLEY

THERE were two hot tickets in December: Nicole Kidman strutting her excellent stuff on Broadway in *The Blue Room* and the House gallery during the impeachment debate. Glued as I was to the tube for the latter, I might, given the choice, have opted for the peach over the impeachment. The sight of the lightly sheathed Ms. Kidman posing on the cover of *Newsweek* (coverline: "Nicole Kidman bares all, about her daring Broadway debut, marriage to Tom Cruise, and their fight for privacy"—fight, Nicole, fight!) was a breath of stiffening fresh air. Give me a leggy Australian over a tubby 90210 intern any day. Fun as the saga of Monica and Bill has been, all that remains, at the end of a long, long year of cigar and dress jokes, in which we went from *I didn't inhale* to *I didn't impale*, is to paraphrase General Ripper's gloss on Clemençeau and propose that sex is too important to be left to the politicians.

The first sex scandal that popped onto my radar screen was the Profumo affair. I was eleven in 1963. I remember the grown-ups in our household chuckling—when they weren't crying. The episode produced the first political joke I ever heard: *Why is Profumo such a bad carpenter? One screw and the whole cabinet falls apart.* With that scandal, you didn't have to clear the children out of the room before discussing the details. There weren't really any lurid tidbits beyond the mere fact that Her Majesty's secretary of war was having a slap-and-tickle with a fetching 21-year-old who was also doing the woolly deed with a Russian naval attaché.

Well, we're not in Kansas anymore, Toto. Is there a single, gruesome detail of the Monica and Bill saga that we are not privy to? What *will* she and her British ghostwriter have left to put in their book to titillate us? Her deconstruction of Walt Whitman?

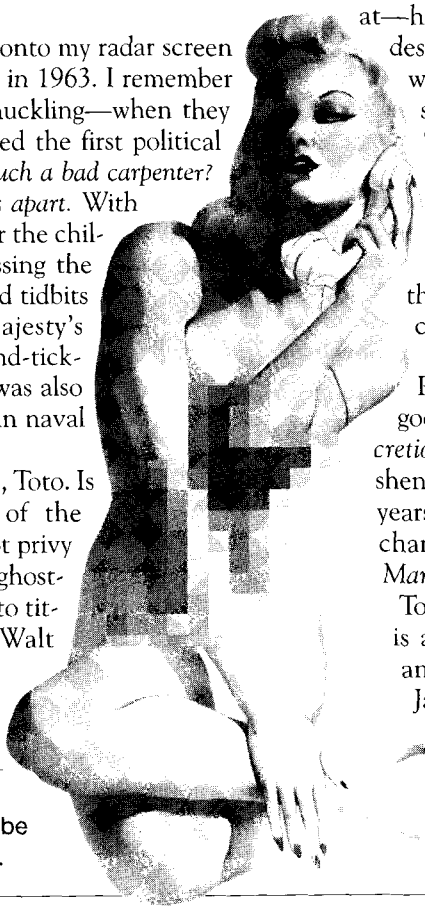
Trust politics to screw up something as basic as sex. It may be a long time before sex is, well, sexy again, instead of just icky. Too bad Ms. Kidman's run on Broadway is a limited one. We need her.

How did it get to this point? That hand-wringing question has been posed so many times in newspapers lately that if you asked Nexis to cough up the references, it would melt your Pentium processor. But you don't need a database to be reminded that the decade began with a sex scandal (of sorts), when the people who originated this "sexual McCarthyism" hurled the first handfuls of mud at Clarence Thomas, smearing him for nothing more than a bit of alleged gamey office innuendo about pubic hairs on a Coke can. (To paraphrase again from *Dr. Strangelove*, if there's any justice in the next world, the Left is going to have to answer to the Coca-Cola company.) It's been fun, watching their furious indignation at—how do they put it?—the "politics of personal destruction." And they do it with straight faces! If I were Justice Thomas, I'd lock the door, break out the soft drinks, and let out a long, triumphant, sibilant "Yesss!"

But these are Pyrrhic pleasures. You know things have gone too far when Larry Flynt, that clammy Caliban, has managed to wheel himself back onto page one. The genie cannot be jimmied back into the bottle. It is too late to send the dress to the dry cleaners. Eros is reeling.

And what a pity. You don't have to be Camille Paglia to believe that a little healthy carnality is good for the national soul. The key, of course, is *discretion*. It's one thing to hear about the libidinous shenanigans of the Kennedy administration ten, fifteen years later. Some among us have surely, in the secret chambers of our hearts, murmured to ourselves, *Marilyn? Angie Dickinson? You lucky dog!*

To be sure, it gets trickier when one of the concubines is a girlfriend of Sam "Momo" Giancana, or when another, Mary Meyer, is murdered and CIA man James Jesus Angleton is dispatched to remove her diary, but even then there was a kind of—I dunno—thrill, flair, *je ne sais quoi* in the details. At the very least these were transactions between grownups, not a Beverly Hills ditz and a chief executive



Mr. Buckley is editor of *Forbes FYI*. His new novel, *Little Green Men*, will be published by Random House in April.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

who acts like my Labrador retriever, humping unsuspecting dinner guests. (And they had *Buddy* fixed?)

Rehearsing in the Oval Office study for the next cover of *Cigar Aficionado* is not the stuff of romantic legend. Nor is slamming the already emotionally distraught Kathleen Willey up against a wall. These pathetic tableaux are a far cry from Marilyn Monroe stumbling into the cabinet room, adjusting her bra strap, and breathily telling the assembled ministers, "I think his back is better." Compare that with *60 Minutes*:

> Ed Bradley: When you say he took your hand . . .
> Kathleen Willey: Right.
> Bradley: . . . and put it on him . . .
> Willey: Uh-huh.
> Bradley: Where on him?
> Willey: On . . . on his genitals.
> Bradley: Was he . . . aroused?
> Willey: (Sighs) Uh-huh.
> Bradley: What were you thinking?
> Willey: Well, I . . . I was . . . there was . . . I . . . there were all kinds of things going through my mind.

These and other excerpts from the Clintonian *Kama Sutra* are not calculated to make us murmur, *You lucky dog*. The thought that comes to my mind is—*Duuude! What were you thinking?*

What we have here is a variation of Gresham's Law: bad sex driving out the good. Suppose—just suppose, for a moment—that instead of twelve months of page-one revelations on the order of the *Penthouse* Forum, it had simply been rumored, knowingly rumored, that Clinton was carrying on an *affair de cœur* with an attractive actress; further, that the First Lady was *complaisante*, so long as the arrangement was carried on with the utmost *délicatesse*, to say nothing of discretion, with Madame X discreetly waiting, *en peignoir*, in Bungalow Six of the Beverly Hills Hotel, or the Presidential Suite at the Waldorf.

(Notice the vocabulary we're using here? Does it suggest a certain national model?)

Would we—really—mind? Okay, apart from Bill Bennett, Curator of National Outrage. Think what it would do for our relations with the French. They might even let our warplanes fly through their airspace en route to bombing Tripoli. Hell, they might even come along.

But, sigh (as Kathleen Willey would put it), that is not the current model for Presidential Mistress. The combination of adamant presidential denial, prosecutorial zeal, and a panting, 24-hour media has given us *All the President's Semen*. Clinton's legacy—apart from welfare reform and midnight basketball—will be that he turned sex into something to be winced at, rather than winked at. Not one ounce of piping-hot magma from this never-ending bimbo eruption has been anything other than revolt-o-rama, beginning with the artless, fatal come-on to Paula Jones, "Kiss it"—Mr. Smooth!—to the "distinguishing physical characteristics" (the First Member, you will recall, is apparently, like its owner, bent), to this moment of *tendresse*, as recounted in the Starr report:

> Ms. Lewinsky testified that during this bathroom encounter, she

Are you like most people... nervous about the stock market?
What would a decline in the stock market do to your stocks, mutual funds and retirement accounts?
Did you know that if your funds are in the stock market, your principle is at risk?

MIB Financial
1-800-575-1566
A full service, asset growth and protection company

We have something *with* STOCK MARKET RETURNS— *without* STOCK MARKET RISKS.

Yes, STOCK MARKET RETURNS without STOCK MARKET RISKS.

What would you say to:
12% Fixed Returns on a 12-month program.
21% Fixed Returns on an 18-month program.
72% Fixed Returns on a 6-year program.
With No Market Risk!

Your Principal is...
- Fully Secured *and*
- I.R.A. & S.E.P. Qualified

Maturity dates may vary.
Total contractual return cannot be considered an A.P.R.

Call **1-800-575-1566** to find out what your stock broker doesn't want you to know.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and the President kissed, and he touched her bare breasts with his hands and his mouth. The President "was talking about performing oral sex on me," according to Ms. Lewinsky. But she stopped him because she was menstruating, and he did not. Ms. Lewinsky did perform oral sex on him.

Afterward, she and the President moved to the Oval Office and talked. According to Ms. Lewinsky: "[H]e was chewing on a cigar, and then he had the cigar in his hand and he was kind of looking at the cigar in . . . sort of a naughty way. And so . . . I looked at the cigar and I looked at him and I said, 'We can do that, too, sometime.'"

Who, emerging from this year-long bath of dirty water, could with enthusiasm make whoopee? Surely the most frequently uttered phrase in America this year has been, *Not tonight, dear, I have a headache*. Things have come to a fine pass when it falls to an Arkansas judge to define *ars amatoria* for us:

For the purposes of this deposition, a person engages in "sexual relations" when the person knowingly engages in or causes contact with the genitalia, anus, groin, breast, inner thigh, or buttocks of any person with an intent to arouse or gratify the sexual desire of any person.

Now that we've got that straight, what can I fix you to drink?

Why then, given the high gross-out factor, has this lurid drama held our interest—despite the insistence of Mr. and Mrs. Middle America that they don't want to hear *one more word*? (Liars, liars, pants on fire!)

Good question. I'm not sure I have a clue, other than the

Who, emerging from this year-long bath of dirty water, could with enthusiasm make whoopee?

distinct possibility that we revel in this stuff. As a presidential issue, it's certainly more interesting than Social Security reform, or "Saving Social Security," as we now put it. The problem is that it's more entertaining than just about *anything*, including historic papal visits to Havana. The poor Pope was lucky to make page one. And thank heavens we live in the age of the split screen so that we weren't forced to choose between watching the president get impeached and phosphorescent ack-ack fire over Baghdad.

Never was a game of *cherchez la femme* less tantalizing. To paraphrase Robert Bolt's Thomas More: It profits a president not to lose his office for all the world—but for *Monica*?

What *was* the attraction—not for him, but for us? Could it be that we require sex scandals to amuse us and keep us comfortably appalled, and since the traditional source—Hollywood—is no longer in a position to supply them, we'll take them where we can?

It used to be that Tinseltown could be counted on to provide us regularly with a nice moral stinkeroo to keep us riveted and tut-tutting. But over the years, L.A. scandal fatigue has set in, as it may now be starting to in Washington. We defined deviancy down. Hollywood lost its capacity to shock—unless you count O. J. Simpson, but that was a murder case, not a sex scandal *qua* sex scandal. Woody Allen's untidy family affair did provide arresting summer entertainment a few years back; but Woody Allen is a New York, not an L.A., phenomenon.

We have come to expect bad behavior from our entertainers. Only the slyest Captain Renauds among us could read *People* magazine and pronounce themselves shocked, shocked that an actor's marriage has ended after two weeks or that another actor has run off with still another's wife, or husband; that Elizabeth Taylor has decided to marry another construction worker, this time *really* for keeps.

This is a shame, for Hollywood has historically provided us with real beauts in the Department of Depravity, beginning with another notorious insertion of a phallic object. (Fatty Arbuckle certainly had to answer to the Coca-Cola company.) Now it takes a spectacular sanguinary feat by an ex-football player and Hertz spokesman to get us to read past the jump. Mere marital irregularities and hanky-panky with the panatellas don't stand a chance. The 44-year-old director of *Titanic* has just given the heave-to to his fourth wife, for yet another of his female players (the one who played the wholesome granddaughter!). Are we scandalized? Did we even notice? Doubtless, the bounder's name will soon appear on a back-page *New York Times* celebrity petition equating impeachment with coup d'état. And to think that Ingrid Bergman was cold-shouldered for having a child out of wedlock! ("Out of wedlock"? What's that, Gen-Xers will ask, some new kind of traffic jam?)

A once-proud center of immorality, which in a typical week could provoke enough outrage to keep The 700 Club steaming for a year, is now reduced to brief, idiotic amusements: Rob Lowe's home video, Pee Wee Herman's arrest on the movie-theater balcony, Hugh Grant—*Duuude!*—on Sunset Boulevard, Eddie Murphy's misunderstood samaritanism on same. Ellen DeGeneres tried, one senses, to spin her domestic arrangements into a scandal, only to find in the end that the public didn't really care, just wanted the jokes.

Into this abhorrent vacuum came Bill Clinton; copiously, it appears.

Power may be, as Henry Kissinger has famously uttered, the ultimate aphrodisiac, but there's another saying: Politics is show biz for ugly people. And who, really, wants to know the details about sex between ugly people? For that matter, how much do you want to know about sex between beautiful people? The last Washington coupling that any self-respecting person would pay $7.50 at the box office to see interpreted by actors was JFK and Marilyn. (Kevin Costner as JFK; Mira Sorvino as Marilyn; Steve Buscemi as Arthur Schlesinger Jr.?)

Ronald Reagan, who is looking better and better every day, used to talk about what he considered the sexiest movie scene he ever saw. At the end, the just-married couple disappear into a hotel room and close the door. If *that* wasn't racy enough, the door re-opens and out comes a hand to hang a "Do Not Disturb" sign on the doorknob.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Gipper would practically blush while describing this. This was a man, as has often been noted in the past year, who refused to remove his jacket in the Oval Office out of respect for it. (*Où sont les neiges . . . ?!*) How perfect that, by the end of 1998, the most talked-about sex scene in America was the one in Tom Wolfe's *Man in Full*—between horses. It seemed so *wholesome* by contrast! Perhaps this year's *Sports Illustrated* swimsuit issue, due out any moment now, will help to restore the lost -y in sex. **NR**

Big Sister

Orwell and Huxley foretell late-20th-century sexual mores.

JOHN O'SULLIVAN

THE moment I first heard the words "sexual McCarthyism," a thrill of horror did the rhumba up and down my spine. The headline-writer in me recognized at once that the phrase had the literary quality of being instantly memorable, like "radical chic," "manifest destiny," and "their finest hour." Yet I also sensed that this catchiness was quite unnecessary, since it was going to be endlessly drummed into me.

And, sure enough, today it is unavoidable in newspapers, radio call-ins, TV talk shows—even book titles (Alan Dershowitz). Its success is easy enough to explain. Like many ideological coinages, "sexual McCarthyism" is vivid but vague. It inspires the listener with the passion to resist, without explaining exactly what it is that should be resisted. Obviously, we are being mobilized to oppose a right-wing atrocity—"McCarthyism" tells us that much. But what more specific form does it take?

Does sexual McCarthyism mean opposition to sex with Communists? That would seem to be a largely redundant cause. There are not many Communists left outside China these days, and, as the late Arthur Koestler pointed out, most of the female ones were recruited "from the ranks of girls who have never been asked to dance."

Or does it mean opposition to Communist sex? Krafft-Ebbing has no entry for this deviancy, but it presumably resembles an illicit version of a Moonie marriage in which one's partner is selected by a committee without regard to age, sex, or ability. Again, not even the notoriously gloomy Right sees that as an imminent threat.

Or is the term an ignorant but imaginative attempt to unroll the meaning of S&M?

Most of the mainstream media outlets were not especially helpful in clearing up these mysteries. They were not vivid, but they were vague. They treated S-M (as I shall now compress it) as a drive by anti-Clinton Republicans and Christian evangelicals to stigmatize those who are getting more sex than they—an attitude that is not confined to right-wingers and does not require a new phrase to describe it, "human nature" being quite sufficient.

It took the *Village Voice*, the Holy Inquisition of the Universal Church of Marx in New York, to develop a full theory of S-M. Richard Goldstein thought deeply and went into automatic writing mode thus:

> From the lurid revelations and crude moralizing to the criminalization of a legal act (in this case, adultery) and the deliberate setting of a perjury trap, it all seems frighteningly familiar to historians of McCarthyism.
>
> "There's a strand of Western culture that requires some kind of demonized enemy," says Ellen Schrecker, author of *Many Are the Crimes: McCarthyism in America*. "In the late '40s and '50s, it was Communists, but today it's operating in the realm of sexuality. We're obviously in the middle of a Red scare about sex."

Wow. But wait. There's more of the same.

"Back then," continues Goldstein, the danger was "belonging to a host of political organizations branded as Communist; now, it's having sex with someone other than your wife. Even the perjury trap that snared the president was a device used by the McCarthyites to destroy Alger Hiss, among others."

And so on.

There are some fascinating side-issues raised by Goldstein's exegesis. Its reference to Alger Hiss seems to imply that lying about treason, like lying about sex, is something to which only a bigot could conceivably object. And while decrying the criminalization of adultery (which, of course, is not a crime—though lying under oath about it always has been), Goldstein effectively decriminalizes the perjury committed by President Clinton by describing it as "a trap." If there had indeed been a perjury trap, it would be entrapment and thus itself a crime. Far from entrapping Clinton, however, Republicans, Democrats, and the *New York Times* all warned him vociferously not to lie before the grand jury because that would constitute an impeachable offense. When he ignored those warnings, he walked into his own trap with his eyes open.

But these issues shrink beside a gaping canyon in the logic underlying S-M. If sexual McCarthyism is a paranoid right-wing device to halt radical social change by restoring sexual repression and by stigmatizing liberals and Democrats as adulterers and sexual deviants, how come all of its victims (except one) have been Republicans? How come most of its practitioners are the Left's camp-followers in journalism and related trades? And how come the main instruments of this repression were invented by extreme feminists?

It's a puzzle, isn't it?

Consider Exhibit A: The victims of S-M before Clinton were John Tower, Clarence Thomas, and Bob Packwood; its victims since Clinton have been Henry Hyde, Bob Livingston, J. C. Watts, Dan Burton, Bob Barr, and whichever Republican Larry Flynt takes a dislike to in the coming months.

And Exhibit B: The people outing politicians recently include the editors of *Salon*, Geraldo Rivera, and Flynt.

And Exhibit C: Clinton committed his original perjury in the Paula Jones case in order to avoid honestly answering

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

questions about a consensual sexual affair with Monica Lewinsky—questions that feminists had succeeded in legitimizing for trials involving non-consensual sexual harassment in a bill that the president signed into law.

In other words, *pace* Miss Schrecker, this is not a scare about sex by Reds, but a scare by Reds about sex.

Yet there is a deeper intellectual puzzle here. The underlying assumption of S-M theoreticians is that politically repressive governments logically impose sexual repression too and that therefore the sex act is a kind of instinctive humanistic

As a man of low moral character, Bill Clinton naturally attracts the support of similar people.

rebellion against totalitarianism. They occasionally refer to "The Junior Anti-Sex League" from *Nineteen Eighty-four* to show that they have read and thought seriously about this connection. And indeed Orwell's book advances just such an argument:

> But a real love affair was an unthinkable event. The women of the Party were all alike. Chastity was as deeply ingrained in them as Party loyalty . . . They were all impregnable, as the Party intended that they should be. And what he wanted, more even than to be loved, was to break down that wall of virtue, even if it were only once in his whole life. The sexual act, successfully performed, was rebellion. Desire was thoughtcrime.

Orwell was a literary prophet who successfully predicted some of our present discontents: health fascism, "inclusive" language, and sensitivity training. But the main lines of Orwell's prophecy were derived from his criticism of the "hard totalitarianism" that dominated Europe from 1917 to 1989. The future he saw—a boot stamping on the human face forever—seems less inevitable, at least in its complete form, since the collapse of Soviet Communism. If totalitarianism is to make any sort of political comeback, it will be in its "soft" therapeutic form.

The literary prophet of soft totalitarianism, of course, was an English contemporary of Orwell's, Aldous Huxley, the author of *Brave New World*. Huxley was even more uncannily prophetic than Orwell. Among the social and scientific developments he forecast in his bland dystopia were cloning, genetic engineering, social stratification based on IQ, widespread use of cosmetic surgery, the recreational use of mind-altering drugs, sex education designed to remove children's natural modesty and inhibitions, virtual-reality entertainment providing mainly pornography, multiculturalism, the cult of youth, and "death with dignity."

But his great insight was that the total World State would rest on a stability far more reliable than oppression—namely happiness. It would provide that happiness by shaping its citizens' minds and imaginations (and, incidentally, their bodies) so that they would want what they were destined to get. And it would deal with the irreducible minimum of discontent that remained by mood-altering drugs, pornographic entertainment, and, above all, officially encouraged, ever-available, promiscuous sex disconnected from both love and parenthood. As the World Controller, Mustapha Mond, puts it:

> The world's stable now. People are happy; they get what they want and they never want what they can't get. They're well-off; they're safe; they're never ill; they're not afraid of death; they're blissfully ignorant of passion and old age; they're plagued with no mothers or fathers; they've got no wives, or children, or lovers to feel strongly about.

In other words, sex in Utopia is not Orwell's act of rebellion against totalitarianism, but Huxley's strategy whereby totalitarianism induces the passive consent of the people to itself. Or as Huxley himself wrote in his foreword to the 1946 edition: "As political and economic freedom diminishes, sexual freedom tends compensatingly to increase." Which Utopia now seems likelier? And to which political philosophy, liberalism or conservatism, does that Utopia most conform?

If I were of a theorizing cast of mind, I might spin out a nice little thesis on "sexual McCarthyism" as a strategy of the therapeutic liberal elite to break down the moral resistance of Christians and traditionalists to its program of enfeebling distractions by discrediting their political leadership (and by extension their own beliefs) as at best setting unattainable standards, and at worst hypocritical.

As it is, my common sense tells me that, as a man of low moral character, Bill Clinton naturally attracts the support of similar people, and that they in turn naturally employ low moral methods such as slander and the threat of blackmail to defend their champion. You can, of course, give these methods quasi-academic status by calling them something like sexual McCarthyism. But does even Joe McCarthy deserve to be put on the same moral level as Clinton, Geraldo, and Larry Flynt? **NR**

Sexual Hangup

Sure, the Clinton scandal is about sex—but so is the rest of American politics.

RAMESH PONNURU

CLINTON'S defenders are right about *l'affaire Lewinsky*. It *is* about sex. Not in the sense they generally intend, of course. Clinton has been in trouble because of felonies, not fellatio; and the legal and moral issues raised by his conduct are not reducible to sexual immorality. But the debate about the Clinton scandal has been a debate, albeit a veiled and confused one, about the sexual revolution and its legacy. This is largely because the Left made it so. Most of the commen-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tary on impeachment-as-culture-war has come from liberals who have attributed conservatives' antipathy to Clinton to their alleged sexual hang-ups. This argument is a classic case of projection: It's far truer that liberals rushed to his defense because they couldn't stand the possibility that consequential moral judgments might be made about anything involving consensual sex.

The scandal did not present a clean referendum on the sexual revolution, for several reasons. A concern for the stability of the office has also influenced people's perceptions of the scandal. And Clinton has benefited from a pre-revolutionary sense of rectitude and decency—the revulsion felt by many Americans at the public discussion of sexual details. Nevertheless, there is a clear correlation between people's views of sexual mores and their views of the scandal.

This is true at both the popular and elite levels. Film director Marshall Herskovitz told the *New York Times*, "The scandal is really a referendum on sexual morality in the country. Those people whose sexual morality accepts the possibility of complexity and ambivalence in a marital relationship have not judged Clinton as badly as those who see marriage as a monolithic simple entity." Leaving aside the loaded language, he is basically right. That's why Hollywood lined up on Clinton's side, after all. And as Clinton's defenders have constantly observed, the most intense anti-Clinton sentiments can be found in the precincts of the "religious Right," which these defenders revile for its notoriously judgmental attitude toward sex.

The scandal would surely have unfolded very differently if the ranks of sexual conservatives were larger. Imagine, if it is possible, that the public of, say, 1961 had learned that its president had a sexual romp with a young intern—sans perjury, obstruction of justice, etc. Does anyone doubt that bipartisan pressure would have had him packing his bags within the week? The difference between then and now reflects changes in the media and in our view of politics and government, to be sure; but even more it reflects changed sexual mores. And the difference between the parties in this scandal reflects a difference in the evaluation of those changes.

This division over morality was veiled by invocations of "privacy," as if the real conflict were between those who respected it and those who did not. But the privacy issue was always a fig leaf. The liberals who raised it were not about to give Americans back their privacy in any other respect. They would not go to the ramparts for freedom of association in private clubs, or defend taxpayers' financial privacy from the IRS. The danger that child-welfare agencies might intrude on private matters of family discipline does not stir them. It is the allegedly privacy-trampling religious Right that is most exercised about schools' probing of the emotional and family life of children.

In the Lewinsky scandal, privacy simply meant sex. Nothing else would be protected by the shield of privacy. (The Supreme Court's "privacy right," though seemingly boundless, functions similarly. In *Planned Parenthood* v. *Casey* in 1992, the Court acknowledged a "right to define one's own concept of existence, of meaning, of the universe, and of the mystery of human life" through abortion. Attempts to define the mystery of the cosmos through racial discrimination would probably not earn the Court's protection.)

To say that the debate about Clinton was a referendum on the sexual revolution does not mean that his supporters generally *favored* sexual libertinism—the polls pretty emphatically suggest they don't. Attitudes toward the sexual revolution do not fall neatly into "for" and "against" columns. There are of course libertines and puritans, and ideologues of libertinism and puritanism among our elites. But there are also millions who, on reflection, would concur that the sexual revolution has inflicted vast damage on American society if they did not feel restrained by their own participation in and enjoyment of it.

Others are resigned. Stricter standards of sexual morality might be desirable in some abstract sense, but impossible in our culture. To be "against" the sexual revolution, from this perspective, would be like being against the invention of the automobile. Here reasonableness can slide into rationalization for the abdication of parental responsibility: It's impossible to keep our children from being promiscuous, so why try? Pass out the condoms and pay for the abortions. This exaggerated view—actually, recent surveys of teenagers suggest that ever-rising promiscuity is not an inevitable feature of

There is a clear correlation between people's views of sexual mores and their views of the scandal.

modernity—is often buttressed by the mythology of the sexual revolution. The supposed fact that "everybody does it" has been frequently invoked in Clinton's defense.

If the liberals are right in claiming that the scandal is about sex, they are wrong to regard this as a departure from normal American politics. For much of our politics was already about sex and will continue to be; and this is largely their doing. Sex is an undercurrent to our debates about education policy, about parental rights, about welfare. It is not too much to say that contemporary liberalism is built programmatically on the sexual revolution. A wide array of government programs is necessary to further it or deal with its detritus, from sex education to child-care services for single mothers. And support for abortion and gay rights, as aspects of sexual freedom, is the emotional core of modern liberalism; it occupies the place that suspicion of corporate power did for an earlier generation of liberals. A liberal friend of Peggy Noonan put it best when Noonan asked her why liberals supported condom distribution in the schools: "Because f***ing is an entitlement."

This is why the cause of gay rights has moved to the center stage of American politics even though the percentage of the population that defines itself as gay is so low. And it is why abortion's political importance is so much larger than would be suggested by the small number of people for whom it is a top concern, or even by the intensity of those people. Abortion, sociologically, is about sex. Opponents of abortion tend also to oppose extramarital sex. Sexual liberals, mean-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

while, act as if they regarded abortion as the ultimate guarantor of their revolution. It erases the victims of what they insist are victimless acts. It is also a fallback for those who practice what these liberals preach. This is one reason that young men are among the strongest supporters of abortion rights.

It is not surprising, then, that the struggle over abortion has been the key place where divisions over the sexual revolution have played out. As William Kristol noted some time ago, "abortion is today the bloody crossroads of American politics," the place where all the Left's sundry projects of liberation come together: "judicial liberation (from the Constitution), sexual liberation (from traditional mores), and women's liberation (from natural distinctions)." In the subterranean geology of our politics, abortion is the deepest fault line. That is not always apparent at the surface, and most voters don't like being reminded of it. Earthquakes don't poll well.

Among pundits, too, where someone stands on partial-birth abortion has been a rough-and-ready index of where he stands on impeachment. (It's been noted that many of Clinton's journalistic critics are Irish Catholics; but the tendency of Irish-Catholic pundits who defend partial-birth abortion also to defend Clinton suggests which is the deeper pattern.) Abortion acts as a marker within the Republican party, too: A politician who favors keeping it legal is almost certain to stand to the left of the party's center of gravity on size-of-government issues. This is true of almost all the allegedly "fiscally conservative, socially moderate" politicians the media laud, such as New Jersey governor Christine Todd Whitman and former Massachusetts governor William Weld.

This pattern doesn't mean that everyone who falls on one side of the divide over sexual mores automatically joins one political coalition (although the number of exceptions is dwindling). Still less does it mean that there are no chaste liberals or promiscuous conservatives, whatever their abstract moral views. But the body politic is now riven by the politics of the body.

This is not an entirely new phenomenon. American politics has historically been organized around cultural and religious rather than economic lines; the mid 20th century was an exception, perhaps because of wartime pressures toward conformity and the subsequent homogenization and massification of economy and society. But when cultural divisions that grow up around such intimate matters as sex come to dominate our politics, the character of politics cannot fail to change. Politics becomes visceral. One side's politics seems like a reproach to the other. Liberals hate and fear the Right because it wants to outlaw abortion, not because it wants to cut taxes. As Andrew Sullivan remarked a few years ago, the Cold War was a political etiquette as well as a foreign policy.

The scandal has deepened the division. It has reinforced conservatives' suspicion that there is no logical stopping point to the principle of sexual liberation—that liberals have no principled grounds to reject promiscuity. Many liberals have said of Clinton's behavior that "it cannot be condoned," a formulation that suggested that perhaps it could not be condemned, either—not really, not on grounds other than recklessness or Mrs. Clinton's putative distress. A few commentators took the next step. It was "An Innocent Romance," wrote Seth Stevenson in *Slate*: "Just what do you all think was wrong with this affair? They were simply two consenting adults voluntarily engaging in sex and enjoying it. People do strange things in the pursuit of happiness."

Once sex is dissociated from its deepest purposes, indeed, it becomes difficult even to define. We see this final Foucauldian move in the president's lawyers' contention that the term "sexual relations" has no definite referent.

But if conservatives can take comfort in this demonstration that social changes unfold according to an internal logic—that "ideas have consequences," to adapt one of their favored slogans—they must also acknowledge that this logic seems to leave them in a frankly reactionary position. Rejecting the sexual revolution in toto is probably even less popular than pushing it to its limits. Many conservatives have therefore retreated to a furtively reactionary position; they refuse, for instance, to spell out their case against homosexual conduct because it would also condemn the practices of most heterosexuals.

Liberals are not fooled. From their perspective, the culture war pits the forces of enlightenment, emancipation, and pleasure against those of ignorance, prudery, and repression. Discussing the scandal on CNN, Betty Friedan expressed what may be the next liberal line: "You know, sex isn't morality. Morality doesn't have to do with what two people do in bed when they mutually consent to do it."

And Friedan is on to something: Sex isn't the whole of morality, and moralists' seeming obsession with it often seems disproportionate. Religious conservative leaders do not often declaim in public against the sin of pride, which Christian orthodoxy has generally held to be worse than sexual sin. But the moralists, for all their follies, know something their critics don't: that sexual passion is one of the most powerful and disruptive forces we ever encounter, one capable of inducing irrationality and self-delusion on an epic scale; and that it takes great effort, by individuals and societies, to channel anarchic lusts into civilized patterns of living. **NR**

Single Minded

Linda and Monica were obsessed with sex. So are most single women.

LISA SCHIFFREN

I AM standing in a furniture store at which I have long aspired to shop. My husband and I have stumbled across a bed that we both love at first sight. Neither of us has ever owned a proper bed frame before. It just isn't one of the first things you buy when setting up house.

Ms. Schiffren is a writer who lives in New York. She is the incoming president of the Political Club for Growth.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I was single well into the time I could afford to start buying nice furniture. But I didn't, largely out of superstition. I had a good friend in those years who was a font of pithy insight into the nature and ethos of singleness. Once, when I mentioned that I had been to the house of a single woman who had a living-room full of coordinated, nicely upholstered furniture, she looked at me in horror and said, "So, she's given up?" I immediately dropped the half-formed intent circulating in the acquisition corner of my brain to buy some nice club chairs. Like my friend Rachel, I believed—not devoutly, but I

What woman who came of age in the past 30 years hasn't had some version of Monica and Linda's conversations?

wouldn't have flouted the sentiment either—that if I set up my life too comfortable it would hex the possibility of marriage. A bed, more than any other piece of furniture, would have sent the wrong signal should Mr. Right have come calling: It would have conveyed an image of someone too comfortable alone in this particular realm, and at the same time too sexually independent. Or so the logic went.

The better part of a decade, a happy marriage, and two children later, I think back on my single years and marvel at how much time and mental energy my friends and I spent on the swirling inanities that pass for thought about dating, sex, men, and marriage.

Becoming appropriately mated is, to be sure, now and always the central task of youth, as anyone who has read Jane Austen must be aware. And no one really achieves marriage and family without due consideration, effort, and—as Austen and many other novelists remind us—much apparently frivolous romantic agitation.

But one might argue that no generation in a thousand years—maybe 5,000—has been forced to consider sex itself, not to mention its consequences, so minutely, obsessively, and often unhappily as those of us who came of age in the 1970s. In Jane's universe, sex was channeled by strict and intricate rules of courtship requiring much emotional discipline. A young woman might have been humiliated after an unseemly—even if imperceptible—display of romantic interest in a suitor whose character turned out to be lacking.

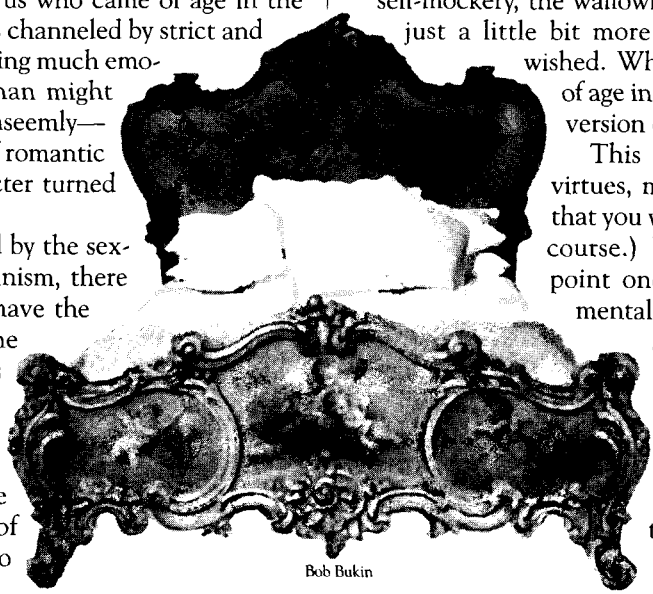
In the '70s, a time conditioned by the sexual revolution and ambient feminism, there were no rules. (We didn't even have the political fun of tearing down the old rules.) We were free to do as we wished—though there were, of course, widespread expectations that we would use all of this hard-won freedom to gain the sexual experience the lack of which had been so oppressive to all previous generations of women. So humiliation was more likely to ensue after sleeping with someone who never called back; wasting years in a relationship that didn't become a marriage; becoming pregnant out of wedlock; devoting all of one's energy to a career while expecting family life to fall into place—and winding up alone. Arguably these events lead to a magnitude of emotional devastation far greater than that following any emotional slip that may occur in the realm of chastity. So our romantic agitation was somewhat less frivolous and more angst-ridden.

Because we were without useful roadsigns, constraining rules, and even a correct understanding of human nature (that is, male nature), we were doomed to learn little from our mistakes. And we were forced to spend hours in hollow reasoning with our friends, over strategy, tactics, armaments, relations of actions to consequences, likelihood that one's experience was representative or abberational, etc.

Unbought furniture was, of course, the least of it. Not that most of us would have admitted it, but there were sexual considerations in every decision made, from nail-polish colors and clothes, to whether taking a particular job would send the wrong signal to potential mates, to (in my policy-wonk circles) public postures on social issues. (No one who was present will ever forget the mid-'80s Heritage Foundation gabfest at which an attractive young woman who worked for the Eagle Forum offered her adamant view that "fornication" should be criminally punished, perhaps by prison time. Her boyfriend, an estimable right-wing activist, sank farther into his chair than anyone would have thought possible. Rachel and I were certain she would never get another date.)

And it was never over. When a relationship took a sexual turn—earlier or later, well or badly, with expectations or not—all of that had to be evaluated, too.

Being busy with my more or less settled life, I had, of course, forgotten about all this, as you do a toothache after it has gone away. But the past year, with its never-ending Monica drama, was a harsh reminder. Because, while Monica and Linda may be a quantum leap more vulgar than my friends, really those conversations—the admonitions, the self-mockery, the wallowing in self-inflicted misery—were just a little bit more familiar than one might have wished. What American woman who came of age in the past 30 years hasn't had some version of them?



Bob Bukin

This is why, among its other great virtues, marriage is just sheer relief. (Not that you want to take things for granted, of course.) I'm not sure precisely at what point one notices just how much extra mental energy is available from the cessation of sexual scheming, but one day you realize that life has become more straightforward. You don't have to go to that tedious party just because you might meet someone. (Though it turns out that the possibility of "meeting someone," with all that

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

implied, was the thing that made so very many social events tolerable.) Of course, sooner or later, other anxieties supplant sex—like how to get your kids into the right preschool.

And, interestingly, only by making the relationship official, in the eyes of society and the law, do we gain true sexual privacy. No one cares what happily married people do (except people who think they're waiting too long for grandchildren).

A cost of freedom (in the sense of no rules) was that everyone had to work things out for herself—which invariably meant talking about it with anyone who might have relevant insight. Which is why, even before Matt Drudge and Kenneth Starr shared it with all the world, Linda Tripp and the rest of Monica's friends knew the sordid details of the affair. Monica's eschewing privacy wasn't irrational; she had nothing to protect and could have used some advice.

And so it was in college and beyond. I have Bryn Mawr classmates who to this day won't attend reunions because they are petrified their husbands might learn about the lesbian relationship or the abortion or the whatever that they discussed frankly with the entire dorm. I have conservative friends who . . . ah, but perhaps we shouldn't go there.

Privacy, of course, is relative. On the spot, my husband and I decided to buy the bed. But then we wavered for a week about what size it should be. Queen-sized is more than big enough for the apartment-dwelling, not-tall people that we are. But what with needing seating for family movies, children visiting for midnight thunderstorms, the occasional long nights with a feverish baby between us, we took the king. Who knew that this is what all the overheated worrying came down to? And now perhaps we will finally enjoy some of that truly desirable, utterly elusive, deeply private thing that beds are made for: sleep. **NR**

Incomplete Pass

In his affair, as in so much else, the president couldn't go all the way.

ROB LONG

On a hill above the beach in Santa Monica, hemmed in on two sides by the New Frontier-style RAND Corporation, there sits a little shack bar called "Chez Jay." Legend has it that in the early '60s, when the RAND Corporation was hip, Bobby Kennedy would sit at a back table, right by the telephone, sipping a (I like to think) martini and waiting for the call to come to tell him that Marilyn Monroe had arrived at Peter Lawford's beach house. He'd get up, pay (I like to think) for his martini, cruise down the hill in his (I like to think) jumbo convertible (a big-finned chartreuse gas hog), pull into Peter Lawford's beach house, and moments later . . .

The whole idea of Peter Lawford's beach house—the *Gestalt* of it, if you will—is a distillation of everything sexy. The slightly seedy bar, the martini (now there's a sexy drink; even the glass is a turn-on!), the swaying palm trees, the clickety-clack of Marilyn's (I like to think) beach sandals hitting the Mexican tile lining the stairs . . . whoo boy! I need to sit down for a moment.

The phrase "Peter Lawford's beach house" has even evolved, among my friends, into a swank euphemism for sex. As in: "Fellas, drinks are on me! I went to Peter Lawford's beach house last night!" Or, more usually: "I've gone out with her, like, a dozen times, and I *still* haven't been to Peter Lawford's beach house!"

Now imagine, please, this same scene with a different actor. Send Bobby Kennedy back to his trailer, for white-shirt pressing and forelock teasing, and send in Bill Clinton. Places! Stand by! Action! Bill gets the call, drives to the house, Marilyn calls out, "I'm upstairs, darling!" Quick trip to the kitchen for a snack, pads upstairs, sees Miss Monroe in pink satin, like a sexy kittenish delicious bonbon. He leers. "You look hot, baby," he coos. Then sits on the edge of the bed, removes a cigar from his pocket, and starts making phone calls. She looks at him quizzically. "Betty, will you get me Dick Gephardt? Thanks," he says into the phone. Marilyn taps him on the shoulder and gives him a what-am-I-chopped-liver? look. He smiles, caresses her face—careful not to touch her in any of the places delineated in *Jones* v. *Clinton*—and cheerfully points to his zipper.

"Hello, Dick?" he says into the phone.

Marilyn is too stunned to move.

"Yeah," the president oozes to the minority leader, "let's talk about the budget bill."

As he talks, he shrugs to Marilyn, makes a give-me-five-minutes gesture, points to his zipper again, then picks up the cigar and winks at her. She would not need to take her own life a few weeks later in her bungalow on Helena. She would die laughing, right there in Peter Lawford's beach house.

So let's add things up. Similarities between Clinton and the Kennedys: 1) plump, not-too-bright girlfriends with self-esteem issues and houses in Brentwood; and 2) fascination with Hollywood. Differences: 1) glamour; and 2) penetration.

And the differences matter. One of the things that confuse Hollywood so much about this president—a man they worship for his charm, his hair, and his approval rating—is the sheer downscale squalor of his women, and his incredibly cheap gifts. A T-shirt? An old book? If the rumors are true and Clinton is planning to spend his long ex-presidency out here among the palms, he had better learn how to shop.

People out here take sex seriously, placing it in importance somewhat south of money, but north of an organic diet. We are not moralists, of course. (One famous actress is reported to have dealt with her husband's philandering thus: "As long as he only has affairs with other men, I refuse to get jealous.") And we understand that the long, slow days of filming on location create the kind of atmosphere that Balzac wrote about: rich, bored aristocrats with nothing to do but seduce

Mr. Long, a Hollywood writer, writes NR's "Letter from Al" column.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

one another. But it's supposed to be fun, or therapeutic, or both. Furtive, guilt-ridden demi-sex is not only déclassé, but also downright creepy. Profit and power are also figured into the calculus—which is why short, unattractive fat men carrying robin's-egg-blue Tiffany boxes look taller, thinner, and "totally hunky."

Coitus interruptus is about the sharpest metaphor yet for the absurd muddle of the Clinton administration.

Randy Bob Packwood, of the juicy diaries and the tireless self-congratulations ("I satisfied the wench most handily," his diary entries seemed to say, "and pleasured her so deeply that she covered me with gratified kisses!"), was a lot more Hollywood. No T-shirts were exchanged, or airport gift-shop trinkets. It was all door-locking, deep-kissing, and wham-bam-thank-you-Senator. And John Tower, who liked his drinks cold, his hair slick, and his stewardesses (if the FBI files are to be believed) on his lap—now there was a guy who might have enjoyed an afternoon in Peter Lawford's beach house.

Amid the cluck-clucking about "this puritan country" and "those hypocrites on the far right," there is the low hum of concern out here about a man who could have anyone—*anyone*—in Hollywood, have her often and with complete discretion, have her in a kind of droit du seigneur way, and chose instead a sad, insecure pseudo-sophisticate sex-pot-wannabe, a little girl in a blue Gap dress without a clue about what makes people tick. What kind of man picks that kind of mistress? What kind of man engages in half of a sex act, in a split-the-difference gambit to afford himself some small pleasure while protecting his "deniability"? And what kind of man boasts as his ace-up-his-sleeve that it was not sex because he did nothing—*nothing*—to pleasure the poor girl at all? His hands were busy, he says, doing important things like dialing the telephone and flipping through memos and, presumably, folding a slice of pizza in half, the better to cram it into his gullet.

I am talking to a film producer friend of mine. We are talking about Clinton and Starr and Lewinsky. He is making the point, as many people do around here—as I do, actually—that if the president had had an affair with, say, Sharon Stone (which was a hot rumor for a couple of years) or had a big-haired somewhat hippy girlfriend (he likes 'em plump) lounging on a tufted round bed in a safehouse in Rosslyn, there would be very little to talk about. "I mean," says the producer, "all we're talking about here is that the president had a girlfriend."

"But he didn't," I say, referring him to the relevant passages in the Starr report. "It wasn't like she was his mistress. It was like she was his . . . blow-up doll."

"Yeah, I know," the producer says, ruefully. "That is some weird kind of hang-up."

"And he used the Secret Service, the White House staff, the Department of Defense, and the Office of the U.N. Ambassador to try to keep it quiet."

The producer nods. "And the really sick thing is," he says in a low voice, "the guy never . . . I mean they never . . . they didn't even . . . "

He is suddenly attacked by a common form of Hollywood modesty. Some things are just too peculiar to utter. This is a guy who can swear like a pirate. He has described to me, in a booming voice in a small restaurant, just exactly how an Oscar-winning actress satisfied her two male co-stars, simultaneously. But now, talking about what *did not* happen between Bill Clinton and Monica Lewinsky, he suddenly has the jitters. Sometimes, the reasons that something *didn't* happen are more alarming than the reasons that something *did* happen. But then, coitus interruptus (or, more accurately, coitus never-had-us) is about the sharpest metaphor yet for the absurd muddle of the Clinton administration.

This is a president, after all, who couldn't even complete the simple act of inhaling marijuana smoke—trust me, not too taxing—so it's not hard to put the rest of his official half-acts into perspective. Health care, Social Security reform, tax cuts, Lani Guinier, NATO expansion, Bosnia, welfare reform, school uniforms, affirmative action—there's practically no issue on which the president hasn't flip-flopped. He has, in other words, pulled out of everything. That weird bit with the cigar wasn't *perversion*. It was *evasion*. And that stained blue dress! Sort of like sitting at the back table in Chez Jay, getting the call, putting down the Evian, puttering down the hill in the minivan, and pulling into the house next door to Peter Lawford's beach house.

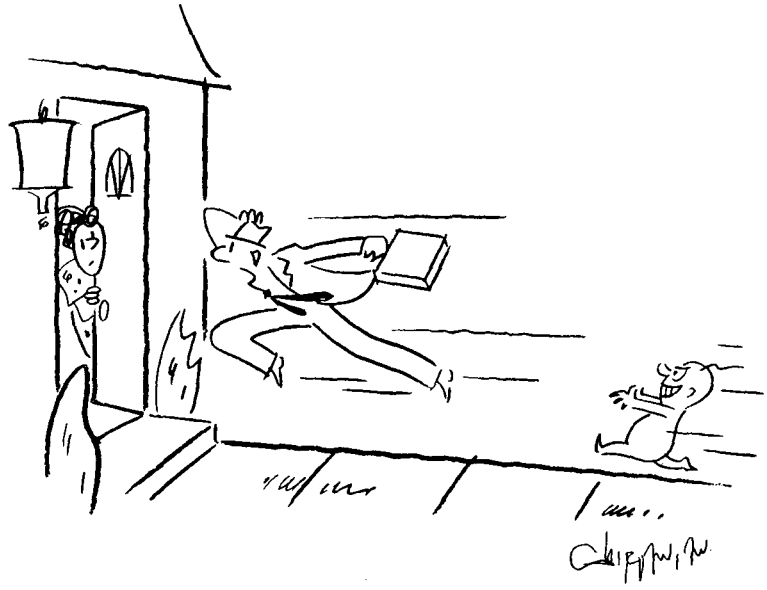
And that, ultimately, will be Clinton's sad little legacy. Not impeachment, not welfare reform, not even a stratospheric Dow—no, he'll be remembered as a guy who, despite the Black Dog T-shirts, the Walt Whitman editions, and the teeny-tiny frog pins, never got to Peter Lawford's beach house. *Not once.* Liberalism has finally reached its comic (I like to think) last act: It has created the eunuch ladies' man, the philandering masturbator, the guy who would not, could not, finish the job. **NR**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HELP!!!!

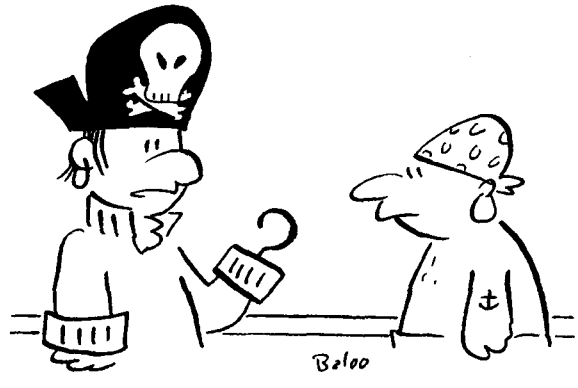
MACNELLY Chicago Tribune
NO. SERIOUSLY... I SHOULDN'T BE IN HERE. I'M A VICTIM OF A HIGHLY PARTISAN WITCH HUNT LED BY THIS OVERZEALOUS PROSECUTOR!
WOW.
NO KIDDING.
macnelly.com

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"Quick, shut the door! EL NIÑO!"

"Who would you say my children resemble the most, me or their mothers?"



"Oh, no—this happened to me back when I was a dentist."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FROM THE DESK OF JAMES CARVILLE

Dear Larry,

Thanks a million for the work on Bob Barr. I've sent over another batch of FBI files—some juicier than others, as you can see—but I think it's time to move on to the senators. After this week, I'm pretty sure some of them will need a little creative persuading, if you get me. The real problem is that the ripest ones are *already* on our side. I mean, what can you say about Ted Kennedy that we don't already know? So why don't we concentrate on your Orrin Hatches and your Rick Santorums?

And hey, where's my million dollars? Ha ha. Just kidding.

Did Hillary call you? She asked for your number, so I gave it to her. I think she might invite you to sit next to her tonight at the State of the Union. I'm pretty sure they can get some kind of ramp-type thing to get you up there—the Capitol is wheelchair accessible, ever since the Americans with Disabilities Act—though you may have to sit kind of kitty-corner in the aisle (like when you go to the movies). But if you ask me, I think it's a great move. It's publicity, for one thing (and you and I are on the same page about that, my man: all publicity is good publicity, am I right?) and for the second thing, it'll be kind of a "don't make my posse angry" gesture, just kind of like *showing* the bomb. But that's not why I'm writin'.

You ever think about goin' into politics? Let me tell you, I've seen some pros work a room and I've seen the best do a flying drop-by in a rest home, but you, my friend, are the best of the best. You're a natural, Larry, and I'm not just saying that.

It's time to transition you from just being a pornographer. Now, I know you're proud of it and everything—and you've got every right to be, Larry; that magazine *employs* a lot of people who might otherwise be left behind in the global marketplace—and I know that you're *passionate* about the First Amendment. But at the end of the day, is that all there is to Larry Flynt? That he pioneered the extremely close-up photograph of the female body? Not that I'm diminishing that contribution, Larry—far from it. I've spent a lot of nights on the road, alone, in small motels in freezing New Hampshire, and so when I say, "Thanks for the close-ups," I mean, *Thank you for the close-ups!*

You know what I'm thinkin'? I'm thinkin' Senator Flynt. I'm thinkin' Governor Flynt. (Hell, if that wrassler from up north can bag an office, why not a guy like yourself?) I'd love to handle it for you. Just say the word. You've got a future, buddy. All you have to do is wheel yourself into it.

Remember something, Larry: All those 15 year-old boys who read your magazine are going to be 18 and votin' real soon. And if you want to win—and you do want to win, don't you Larry?—then you have to start planning NOW. It's called "solidifying your base," Larry, and it's Campaign Strategy 101. But I don't want you to think about that. Let me think about that for you. You just keep doing what you do: fighting the good fight for the First Amendment and running those "Sister to Sister Sex Slave" photo layouts and getting the goods on those Republicans all into that sleazy sex stuff.

Meanwhile, let's work on taking you from "Larry Flynt, pornographer" to "Larry Flynt, millionaire publisher." And believe me, "millionaire publisher" is a lot easier to sell to America. You're kind of like our Steve Forbes.

So think about it, L.F. I'm not saying make up your mind this second. Let's get through the trial, and then right after let's you and me sit down and TALK. Okay?

Yer bud, Jim

PS: If you could, for the next few issues, I think it would be best to ease up on the "sexy serial killer" photo-layout stuff. And Hillary has asked me to ask you if you could please NOT run the Barr/Livingston/etc. articles next to any of the "girl in a meat grinder stuff."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS, ARTS & MANNERS

Family Man

JEFFREY HART

Ex-Friends: Falling Out with Allen Ginsberg, Lionel and Diana Trilling, Lillian Hellman, Hannah Arendt, and Norman Mailer, by Norman Podhoretz (Free Press, 244 pp., $25)

IT is difficult to find the terms with which to describe all the excellences of this . . . well, what is it? It is autobiography, to be sure, but also important political and cultural history, an intense account of battles about ideas, of Norman Podhoretz's arguments with himself as well as with a set of vivid figures whom he portrays with the skill that could have made him a novelist. And like a good novelist, he succeeds in creating a world, yet one that really existed. Beyond its central subject—the epic conflict of his century between decent freedoms and totalitarianism, a collision worthy of Thucydides—this is also a book of high gossip and great anecdotal humor.

At the entrance to this display stands Allen Ginsberg. Podhoretz knew him when they were students at Columbia, and from then on had a peculiar adversarial relationship with him that stretched over decades—peculiar because Ginsberg, in print and gossip, was obsessed with Podhoretz.

I think Ginsberg, whom I knew in his later years, felt Podhoretz was on to him. That is, regarding Ginsberg, Podhoretz correctly estimated that the only thing worth talking about was his doctrine, to which his negligible poetic skills added nothing. This doctrine amounted to the teaching that insanity is sanity, drugs are sacred, crime is justice, and homosexual promiscuity is the road to sainthood. Ginsberg knew that Podhoretz knew this and that he despised the teaching. So he kept trying to get Podhoretz to, I don't know exactly what, somehow accept him. Against Ginsberg, Podhoretz stands with Orwell, who taught the opposite. Wrote Orwell, "The fact to which we have got to cling, as to a lifebelt, is that it is possible to be a normal decent person and yet be fully alive."

Norman Podhoretz by Roman Genn

But Ginsberg, never truly a friend, cannot really be one of the "ex-friends" of this book's title. He was at no point a member of the group of intellectuals and writers attached in various ways to *Partisan Review* and to respectable circles at Columbia. This group became known, affectionately and with a nod to the Mafia, as the Family. The Family lived by ideas, among them its conceptions of politics. With Lionel and Diana Trilling, with Lillian Hellman, Hannah Arendt, and Norman Mailer, Podhoretz was indeed close, but broke painfully on the basis of ideas.

It was all enormously intense, at Columbia as well as at *Partisan Review*, as I can personally attest. Podhoretz came to Columbia from near poverty in Brooklyn; I came there via Stuyvesant High School, from the suburbs in Queens. The only Communist I knew before Stuyvesant was an out-of-work architect like my father, whom my father would invite of a Saturday so as to be able to "share the wealth," meaning cocktails. At Stuyvesant and around Union Square there were plenty of fascinating Communists, who engaged in doctrinal disputes as complex as any in the Talmud. The Communists at Stuyvesant had never met an intelligent gentile and regarded me affectionately as a sort of unicorn. At Columbia, though we both experienced the intellectual power of the Family, I remained rather outside the intensities that roiled it. At the end of this book, looking back, Podhoretz writes with a sense of poignant loss, despite the personal *agons*, and I can certainly understand what he feels.

At Columbia we met Lionel Trilling, who is beyond all others the book's central figure, and tantalizingly enigmatic. Both Lionel and Diana, briefly fellow-travelers during the Thirties, soon turned against the muralistic simplicities of the "progressive" mind. Trilling's early literary criticism is energized by his rejection of these simplifications in the name of "complexity" and the fully human. Both Trillings were liberal anti-Communists. As a student and young critic, Podhoretz embraced this position.

But as the still-young editor of *Commentary* during the Sixties, he veered left both politically and culturally (e.g., anti-nuke, C. P. Snow, Paul Goodman, Mailer). The Trillings strongly disapproved.

When for political, cultural, and moral reasons, however, their erstwhile student moved to the right during the Seventies, they disapproved much more strenuously. Lionel, very uncharacteristically, was moved to shout at Podhoretz that he was "going too far." Amazingly, the usually reserved Lionel actually employed a Yiddish word: By consorting with Republicans, Podhoretz had "beschmutzed" himself.

What did Trilling mean by this? Podhoretz doesn't speculate, but I think I know. Despite their cultural sophistication, both Lionel and the Family were

BooksNow
To order these books, (24hrs, 365 days) please call (800) 962-6651 (Ext. 3700) or visit us at http://www.booksnow.com

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

exceptionally provincial. In the Family, Republicanism was outlandish, unthinkable. Republican? What would Meyer Shapiro think? That Lionel was great in many ways there can be no doubt, but he was also smaller than we, his students, thought.

One gives thanks that he never really ended up an ex-friend. Podhoretz writes:

> When I visited him in the hospital [where he was ill with cancer] for what turned out to be our very last meeting, I mentioned that I had been rereading Thomas Mann, that I had been especially bowled over by *Doctor Faustus*, and that I had come to the conclusion that Mann might well be the greatest novelist of the 20th century. . . . From his bed of excruciating pain Lionel smiled a sweet smile and said (as best as I can remember his words), "How very interesting. You know we always found it hard to forgive him for becoming something of a Stalinist in the Forties, and probably we underrated him because of it. But what you say about him now is so intriguing that I would love to take another look at him myself."

Compared with Lionel Trilling, the other intellectuals described here are pretty small change. For all their "brilliant" talk about politics, as well as about everything else, the Family really did not grapple with actual politics much at all. To borrow William Barrett's phrase, they were truants from reality. Podhoretz broke with Lillian Hellman (news: she was good company and an exquisite cook) over her hatred of America, her duplicity, and her Communism. He broke with Arendt over her deep hostility to Israel and her weird lack of sympathy for the murdered Jews of Europe. He broke with Mailer, of whom he had hoped for much as a novelist, over his anti-Americanism and his wacky admiration for "existential" criminality.

Serious politics has to do with actual and almost always imperfect choices. When Podhoretz and other former Democrats (Kristol, Kirkpatrick, Perle, Abrams, Bennett, Nisbet, Berns, et al.) moved toward the Republicans and became "neoconservatives," they made a choice that the Family could not abide. For their choice they were rewarded with the fall of the Berlin Wall and the end of the Soviet empire, to which results they had made serious contributions.

Podhoretz, breaking on principle with former friends, had put away childish things. Now, as time moves on, the Family grows still smaller in its historical importance. Who reads Philip Rahv anymore? Delmore Schwartz was supposed to be The Poet, but turned out to be decidedly less than that. To anyone who can distinguish between ambition and achievement, Mailer has come to nothing as a novelist. Mary McCarthy's fiction was always arid and unreadable. Dwight Macdonald? Nice prose, but otherwise give us a break. Clement Greenberg wrote astutely about art, but over a very narrow range. "See, they depart, and we go with them."

In the final reckoning, the Family—fun while it lasted—may have generated within itself only two works of lasting interest: Lionel Trilling's *The Liberal Imagination* (1950) and Norman Podhoretz's *Ex-Friends* (1999). **NR**

About Face

JAY NORDLINGER

Face-Time, by Erik Tarloff (Crown, 249 pp., $23)

THE Clinton presidency, for all its richness, has not ushered in a golden age of literature. There was *Primary Colors*, the brisk, eerily truthful novel by Joe Klein. And there was, of course, the Starr report. (Against this administration, fiction hardly has a chance.)

Now there is the novel that has all of Washington society aflutter: Erik Tarloff's *Face-Time*—which concerns a president's adultery with the help; and his right to it. The book boasts all the desirable blurbs, led by Jim Lehrer and Judy Woodruff (who calls it "the ultimate Washington novel"). Sally Quinn, the Washington-est Washingtonian of them all, has christened *Face-Time* "the hottest book of the season." And so it is.

Part of the book's success stems from the identity of its author. Tarloff is the husband of Laura Tyson, a former economic advisor to President Clinton—and, not at all incidentally, a hell of a looker. Tarloff himself is a veteran writer for TV, and he has also penned speeches for some of the giants of Democratic podiums: Clinton, Al Gore, Donna Shalala, and Robert Reich. He denies that his book has anything to do with current headlines; but his timing, he grants, is sweet.

Face-Time is, indeed, a novel set in Washington, involving a president, a speechwriter, and so on. It contains lovely D.C. touches, relating to eateries, neighborhoods, and the like. It even illuminates bureaucratic folkways and foibles, à la (and this is high praise) Chris Buckley's *White House Mess* (1986). But it is not a Washington novel. Not really. It is a novel about adultery. And, in its moral idiocy, it is an alarming, revolting, contemptible work. Perfect for the Clinton era.

Ben, a wordsmith, and Gretchen, a functionary, hook up with the presidential campaign of Charles Sheffield—and each other. "Campaign sex," as everyone knows, is not supposed to count as sex; it is simply a little recreation between comrades out on the trail. But Ben and Gretchen actually fall in love, and a glorious love it is. Tarloff writes beautifully, even movingly, about the subject. He obviously knows a thing or two about romance. And the relationship he creates seems the most wondrous thing in the world.

When Sheffield is elected, our heroes land jobs in the White House. Life is

■

This is a novel about adultery, perfect for the Clinton era.

■

grand. But a problem soon develops (well, two). First, Ben and Gretchen are not married, only living together as though married—which is Tarloff's way of copping out. The arrangement is intended to lend ambiguity to a situation that, for all the author's moral contortions, has none. And second (as Ben the narrator puts it), "Gretchen is f***ing the president. And I don't know what to do about it."

What Ben does not do is tell both The Love of His Life and The Boss of His Life to get bent. It is far more complicated

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

than that, you see—and recall that "complicated" is the favorite word of Bill Clinton's more sophistic defenders. (Much of *Face-Time*, in fact, reads like a Richard Cohen column; and that includes the wit, intelligence, and high style.) This is the *president*, after all, and do the ordinary rules apply? How can Gretchen be blamed for taking her shot at a rendezvous with history? Should Ben not feel *honored*, to be cuckolded by so great a man? And is what Gretchen is doing *really* so different from what Ben is doing—angling for precious "face-time" with the Principal?

President Sheffield, like Clinton, knows how to "compartmentalize" (a loaded word that Tarloff uses twice). Ben must learn to compartmentalize, too. To complicate (there we go again!) matters, Sheffield is working on a deal that could end carnage in Africa. If Ben made a stink, "perhaps the real victims" would be Africans, some of whose lives might be saved "if Sheffield retained his political predominance." (Shades of *Time* magazine's Nina Burleigh, who, unforgettably, confessed, "I'd be happy to give [Clinton] a [Lewinsky] just to thank him for keeping abortion legal.")

Ben's objections, he insists, are not moral—oh no. That would be so absolutist, so puritanical, so *Republican*. (There is only one Republican in the book, and he is straight out of Hollywood central casting: racist, anti-Semitic, crude. There is only one black person, too, and he is a Secret Service agent whom Tarloff makes speak in jarringly inappropriate black English. Whassup widdat, Erik?) No, Ben objects because . . . well, the betrayal *hurts* so much. And yet, nothing is clear-cut, nothing is so primitive as to be right or wrong, true or false, good or bad. Tarloff gives us pure situational ethics.

At story's end, the First Lady, Hillary-like, whispers to Ben, "We just have to overlook personal lapses. What makes him special is so much more important than any personal lapses." And Ben comes to accept Gretchen's charge that what he really resents is her proximity to the chief executive, not the infidelity.

In a pre-publication interview, Tarloff was asked, point-blank, whether his book was autobiographical. No, he answered. "At no time did I have even a moment's stray suspicion that there was anything romantic or sexual between Laura and President Clinton. The thought never occurred to me" (though you can bet it did to Clinton). And if there had been such an affair, Tarloff added, he would not have written the book—"especially considering that Laura and I have an adolescent son," who would find it "embarrassing."

An amazing, revelatory answer, that: not *My wife isn't an adulterer, thank you very much, you* SOB, but *Well, no, I don't think it happened, and if it had, I'd've had to give up the book.*

Such is the nature of Bill Clinton's America. No cause to be judgmental—except about this creepy, horrifying, understandably popular book. **NR**

Generation Excellent

DAVID BRUDNOY

The Greatest Generation, by Tom Brokaw (Random House, 412 pp., $24.95)

TOM BROKAW, the NBC television anchorman, came to the idea for this book while working in 1984 on a documentary about the 50th anniversary of the D-Day landing. Recalling his own experiences as an Army brat—he was born in 1940 and lived on a military base in South Dakota—and plodding ahead with the television special, Brokaw began to see those who had fought the war and won the peace, those who had come of age during the Depression and gone on to combat abroad and valuable work at home during the early 1940s, as unique. The "greatest generation any society has produced."

This idea germinated over the years, and the author began to assemble what is a remarkable chronicle of this generation, interviewing just shy of 50 individuals and telling their stories succinctly and feelingly. With a certain amount of revisionist pontificating—this was, after all, not a war without its opponents on the home front—and with a tendency now and then to moralize when a more dispassionate recitation of events and attitudes might have served him better, Brokaw nonetheless succeeds in demonstrating (if not totally proving) his point about the generation's superb qualities.

The stories *are* the book. We have Tom Broderick, who in "so many ways embodies the best qualities of his generation." Gravely wounded—totally blinded in action—but able at last to accept his limitations, which he refuses to see as a handicap, he married, fathered children, started a business, and became a model citizen. His view of his blindness? "It was my fault for getting too high in the foxhole. That happens sometimes."

One of the common themes running through these stories of the war veterans

Tom Brokaw came to see those who had fought the war and won the peace as unique.

is their reluctance to talk about their experiences unless prodded to do so. One, Gordon Larsen, says to the author: "I just wanted to forget. I just wanted to get on with my life," such that when he encountered other veterans recalling combat, he would walk away, figuring that those willing to talk about combat had never really experienced it.

But the book is about more than the combat abroad; it's about the home front, too, about those, like Tom Brokaw's own father, who did duty stateside, men and women whose mundane tasks facilitated the war effort and whose devotion to duty, though less "glamorous" and less dangerous, was still part of what the nation needed.

Brokaw dwells in the middle portion of his book on "shame," on the treatment of black soldiers at home and abroad, on the Japanese-Americans who were interned, and on Hispanics who were also treated with less than full appreciation. These aspects of American behavior in the 1940s are well known, but the individualized vignettes

Mr. Brudnoy, a talk-show host and professor of media criticism at Boston University, is the author of *Life Is Not a Rehearsal* (Doubleday).

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fit well into the book's overall theme, which is that the generation was remarkable not only because of what it did but because of the obstacles it faced in doing it. He discusses the generation's activities after the war to end legally enforced racial segregation, though he doesn't contend sufficiently with the bitter resistance of many within this generation to precisely those developments.

The least useful portions of this generally stirring book deal with the famous people Brokaw has chosen to profile: George Bush, Ben Bradlee, Art Buchwald, Andy Rooney, Julia Child, Daniel Inouye, Bob Dole, and others, not because their stories aren't valuable but because they are better known. There are surprises even in these stories, however, as when Rooney, the resident curmudgeon on 60 *Minutes*, notes that he has visited Omaha Beach and its cemetery five times. "On each visit I've wept," he says. "It's almost impossible to keep back the tears as you look across the rows of crosses and think of the boys under them who died that day. Even if you didn't know anyone who died, the heart knows something the brain does not—and you weep."

Inevitably the author and some of the people profiled contrast this greatest generation with those that came after. Inouye says, "The one time the nation got together was World War II. We stood as one. We spoke as one. We clenched our fists as one." Of what later—or earlier—generation could that be said? But was it really true of the generation Brokaw chronicles? Were the divisions, which the book understandably but glaringly downplays, not notable, too? That central portion of the book, about shame, alerts us to what could have been elaborated upon and could have led to a greater acknowledgment of the less than sterling behavior of many of the World War II generation in the cultural and political battles that followed the war.

This book, nonetheless, serves its purpose well and occasions a personal thought. I am precisely Tom Brokaw's age, and my father, too, was of this "greatest" generation, a veteran who came back and established a life for my mother and me, almost never discussing his doings abroad. He modestly served for decades more in the Reserves, but likewise refrained from talking about what he had done and what he was then doing. His story also could have been among Tom Brokaw's profiles. **NR**

Click, Clack

SARAH E. HINLICKY

What Our Mothers Didn't Tell Us: Why Happiness Eludes the Modern Woman, by Danielle Crittenden (Simon & Schuster, 224 pp., $23)

WITH apologies to the title of Danielle Crittenden's book, I must say that my mother told me everything, starting with Little Bear, moving through the relative merits of Freud, and culminating in the infinitely more interesting matter of cooking Iranian chicken for six. But then she wasn't a very representative modern woman. She married my dad, quit college, and was my mother all before her 23rd birthday. I'm sure Betty Friedan and Gloria Steinam and the whole lot of them would be gravely disappointed to learn that she has no regrets.

Not everyone is as lucky as I am, which is why we have Crittenden. She takes a long hard look at the results of women's lib and is gravely disappointed herself. Once upon a time, freethinking women tuned in to the subtle injustices of society through "click" experiences: A husband dropped his socks on the floor one too many times, and it would finally dawn on his wife that the personal is political. Crittenden's book, on the other hand, is a tally of what she calls "clack" experiences—the opposite of clicks—that expose how feminism has betrayed its commitment to real choices for women, imposing instead a rigid new set of feminist prejudices. The main triad of prejudices—in favor of promiscuity, fierce independence, and work outside the home—has not brought happiness to the daughters of feminists, Crittenden says, because it has closed off the alternatives.

Miss Hinlicky is an editorial assistant at *First Things*.

We now have the freedom to say yes to casual sex, she observes, but almost never the freedom to save sex for commitment. We have the freedom to divorce our husbands on a whim, but not to protest when we ourselves are divorced on a whim. We're free to pursue our careers at the expense of everything else in our lives, but not to select a good man in our mid thirties when the uncontrollable laws of diminishing sexual attraction take over. We're free to put off pregnancy until it's convenient, but not to make our bodies fertile when it is. We're free to pursue independence at all costs, but not to become dependent on another. In effect, we are free to take on all the qualities that we despise most in men and abandon all the qualities that were once valued most in women. The journey has come full circle, Crittenden says; we're back to the "busy but spiritually empty lives" that bored housewives protested 40 years ago. The only difference is the location.

We're told not to let kids interfere with our careers, but our bodies disagree.

Feminism has turned the world upside down in the past four decades, but women now find they don't completely like standing on their heads. Crittenden explains:

> In Friedan's time, the problem was that too many people failed to see that while women were women, they were also human, and they were being denied the ability to express and fulfill their human potential outside the home. The modern problem with no name is, I believe, exactly the reverse of the old one: While we now recognize that women are human, we blind ourselves to the fact that we are also women.

This peculiar feminist misogyny rejects all of our distinctly female longings —for romance, true love, and faithful husbands. We are told not to let kids

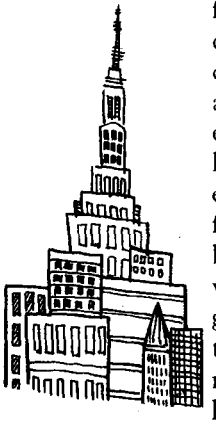
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

interfere with our careers, but our bodies disagree, as women who delay childbearing discover with alarming force as their biological clocks approach midnight. And the so-called "compassion disease," the feminine inclination to help and nurture and tend, is not a disease but a civilizing force on humanity. Now that we've been deprived of all these womanly things, Crittenden detects a disturbing tendency to rely on paternal politics —liberal patriarchs in the Congress and statehouse—rather than loving husbands.

What is to be done? Women have made countless demands on men in the past years, and now it's time for us to take equal responsibility for our actions. Until women relinquish the selfish right to independence at all costs, the situation won't improve. Crittenden recognizes that her ideas are tantamount to heresy for modern women, but she's on to something deeper than theory and politics. She suggests a revival of "the traditional idea of getting married and having babies when our grandmothers would have, in their early twenties, and pursuing our careers later, when our children are in school." Women can have it all, Crittenden advises us, just not all at once.

There is much to recommend in her vision of society made over with the best interests of women and children in mind. But her prescriptions are easier to articulate than to carry out. Early marriage may be a practical solution—it may, in fact, even be the right solution for the new problem with no name—but it is entirely contingent upon that elusive thing called love. Romance is infamous for showing up at the wrong time, or in the wrong person, or just not showing up at all. Lest one think that contemporary women are too picky about romance and should accept, as their grandmothers did, the first compatible bachelor to come along, one must be reminded that our grandmothers knew what to expect from those bachelors and the bachelors knew what society expected of them. That is no longer the case. The question begged by Danielle Crittenden's book is almost absurdly simple: How do we start?

Any takers? **NR**



Saving Isaiah

MARTIN SIEFF

Isaiah Berlin: A Life, by Michael Ignatieff (Holt, 480 pp., $30)

As a teacher of the history of ideas, Isaiah Berlin was lovable and beloved, dominating the spires of the University of Oxford for more than 60 years. He gave a helping hand to thousands of young students over the decades as they began their careers, including this reviewer.

As a scholar, however, he was widely dismissed by detractors as merely charming and superficially brilliant, without any deep lessons to impart. Among his intellectual peers he was commonly thought to have produced no lasting written work of serious length. But when his essays and other writings were finally systematically gathered by his editor, Henry Hardy, it turned out he had been energetic and prolific after all. One anthology of his essays, published last year, runs to 634 pages. In all, seven volumes of his collected essays have been published so far.

The strand of thought that tied Berlin's diverse interests together was the need to protect human diversity and freedom from the totalitarian compulsion to employ coercion and political action to create Utopia. In his classic 1958 essay (originally delivered as a lecture) "Two Concepts of Liberty," Berlin argued that conflict was inevitable in politics, because the goals of the individual and the goals of the group would always diverge. In the words of his present biographer, Michael Ignatieff, Berlin "viewed human beings as divided creatures, often required to choose between private and public claims, between reason and emotion and, crucially, between conflicting political values."

Mr. Sieff is State Department correspondent for the *Washington Times*.

A NATIONAL BESTSELLER
NOW IN PAPERBACK

William F. Buckley Jr.'s

NEARER, MY GOD

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF FAITH

"Erudite, engaging, poignant, and inspiring."
—William J. Bennett,
author of *The Book of Virtues*

"It is one of his best."
—*Christianity Today*

"A rollicking adventure story of the spirit."
—*The Baltimore Sun*

HARCOURT BRACE *Harvest Books*

Buy Gold!

Y2K Computer Bug
Volatile Markets
The Euro-Dollar...

With today's economic uncertainties, what assurance do you have for your financial well-being?

Call Lear Financial today and request your
Free 1999 Gold Investment Guide.
No Obligation! Guaranteed Lowest Prices!

CALL NOW!!
1-800-965-0580.

Lear Financial, 429 Santa Monica Blvd, Santa Monica, CA 90401

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Berlin parted from Aristotle and from all thinkers of the Left in his conviction that participation in politics and the exercise of citizenship did not serve to improve human character. For this reason, he presciently warned that the triumph of "national liberation movements" in what was then coming to be called the "Third World" would not necessarily—or even probably—contribute to the individual liberty and happiness of the populations so "liberated."

Instead, Berlin drew a new distinction between the "positive" and "negative" concepts of liberty. "Positive" concepts of liberty such as classical republicanism and Marxism promised to improve permanently the human condition when they were fully implemented. But it was the more modest, but far more practical, "negative" liberties that truly guaranteed rights of expression, religious and political practice, and legal protection, Berlin argued.

Realists who confront the mortal limits of human nature are supposed to be glum, but Berlin was a joyous soul.

Like Saint Paul in his letters and the gloomy rationalists who wrote the *Federalist Papers*, Berlin believed that man was fallible and fated to be permanently imperfect. "If, as I believe, the ends of men are many, and not all of them are in principle compatible with each other, then the possibility of conflict—and of tragedy—can never wholly be eliminated from human life, either personal or social," he wrote.

This short, ugly (according to his own estimation), fast-talking Latvian-born Jew gave the lie to the pseudo-rational Enlightenment doctrine of Immanuel Kant that it was possible to create a utopian society in which human beings would always choose the "rational" life. Although personally a New Deal liberal, Berlin knew Kant's real insight was his despairing admission that "out of the crooked timber of humanity, no straight thing was ever made."

Berlin's celebration of the inevitability of choice and conflict in human decision-making ran counter to one of the dominant themes in human thought for more than two millennia: the delusion—inherent in Plato's *Republic*, revitalized and romanticized by Jean-Jacques Rousseau, and beloved of totalitarians ever since—that the happiness of mankind and the perfection of human society can be achieved by political means.

Political philosophers grounded in the reality of human experience have rejected that delusion for a very long time. But Berlin went farther. He argued that the very attempt to produce any earthly utopia—whether of the Right or the Left—would automatically lead, not to the establishment of Heaven on earth, but of Hell. Everything we have witnessed this century bears out that thesis.

Realists who confront the mortal limits of human nature are supposed to be glum, but Berlin was a joyous soul. Meeting him invariably brought to mind Winston Churchill's memorable comment that any meeting with Franklin Roosevelt was like uncorking a bottle of champagne. In Michael Ignatieff's book, this great and good man is celebrated, and his lessons for the ages taught anew. **NR**

■ PUBLISHING ■

Help Yourself

DAVID KLINGHOFFER

THERE is a monumental quality to the western wall on the second floor of my neighborhood Barnes & Noble. Some 350 square feet of solid shelf space, it's devoted to self-help books.

Standing in front of it is like visiting another Western Wall. I mean Herod's great monument at the Temple Mount in Jerusalem, to which pilgrims have long carried wads of paper inscribed with their hopes and dreams. These pilgrims wedge the papers between the stones and pray that their lives will take a turn for the better. At Barnes & Noble, pilgrims take papers *out* of the wall—neatly bound papers, likewise inscribed with hopes and dreams for a better life—instead of sticking them *in*.

Either way, self-help is nothing new, including on our own shores. Americans of the 19th century got hip to the Mind Cure and New Thought. After the Second World War you had Positive Thinking, thought up by Norman Vincent Peale, followed in the Sixties by the Human Potential movement of Abraham Maslow and Carl Rogers. More recently, the Recovery movement convinced much of the nation that everybody is the victim of some sort of abuse, regarding which you can be "in denial" or "in recovery."

As late as 1993, the radio therapist "Dr. Laura" Schlessinger was denouncing the recovery-ites and their "torrent of apologetic self-help books." These books attracted women in particular who "insist on rationalizing their self-destructive behavior by identifying themselves as 'sick.'"

Yet just six years later, at your own local Barnes & Noble, take a look at the tables next to the self-help wall, stacked with the biggest-name authors in the genre. Against the backdrop of modern culture, something countercultural is happening. *Pace* Dr. Laura, the self-help authors who have become institutions favor individual responsibility and graceful acceptance of one's life circumstance. A few examples:

1) More than an institution, Stephen R. Covey is an industry. His *7 Habits of Highly Effective People* (1989) has generated the Franklin Covey Company, whose 12,000 "licensed client facilitators" teach Covey's 7 Habits to three-quarters of a million people every year. Covey even has retail outlets, 117 of them, called Franklin Covey 7 Habits Stores, hawking inspirational tapes and videos plus customized personal organizers and computer software.

Though Covey's appeal escapes me, his verbose magnum opus—full of charts showing the 7 Habits and their interrelationships modeled on mathematical illustrations or certain kabbalistic cos-

Mr. Klinghoffer, an NR senior editor, is the author of *The Lord Will Gather Me In: My Journey to Jewish Orthodoxy* (Free Press).

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mological maps—must be having some positive effect on the lives of his customers. The notable thing about him is his stress on "self-mastery." He writes: "Look at the word responsibility—'response-ability'—the ability to choose your response. Highly proactive people ... do not blame circumstances, conditions, or conditioning for their behavior."

2) In hugely successful books with braying titles like *Ten Stupid Things Men Do To Mess Up Their Lives* (1997), Dr. Laura insists on the complementary point that in relationships nobody forces anybody to do anything. She inveighs against "sex-too-soon" and tells young women they have no excuse for buckling under when men demand physical intimacy. As she sees it, a person's respect

■

We keep religion in a little box, and such boxes are notorious for getting mislaid.

■

for himself grows in proportion to the effort he makes to do the right thing.

For her trouble, Dr. Laura has replaced Rush Limbaugh as the radio host better-dressed young city women most love to hate. But this hasn't stopped the rest of the public from boosting her new book, *The Ten Commandments*, which endorses all ten, onto the *New York Times* bestseller list.

3) Another relationships expert, John Gray, argues for the traditional view that women are fundamentally different from men. His book *Men Are from Mars, Women Are from Venus* (1992) spawned a succession of sequels (*Mars and Venus on a Date*, *Mars and Venus in the Bedroom*, etc.), all drawing on a basic insight: Women talk to be listened to and men talk in order to solve problems.

4) The anti-modernist trend received a gloss of upper-middle-class respectability from Jungian therapist Thomas Moore. Taking inspiration from self-help books of the Renaissance, Moore's bestselling *Care of the Soul* (1992) argues in decorative language for the importance of a spiritual life.

There's much Jung-inspired talk here of mythologizing and ritualizing. Thus if you got chewed out a lot as a kid by your alcoholic father, don't consider yourself an abuse victim. Instead, mythologize old Dad—which means . . . actually I'm not sure what it means. In any event, rather than complain about your family, relationships, job, and home, you should try to infuse all of them with mystical meaning.

5) Daniel Goleman's *Emotional Intelligence* (1995) and its quickie follow-up, *Working with Emotional Intelligence* (1998), make one point: that straightforward IQ doesn't help much if you can't control your emotions. Illustrated by charts of how the brain is wired, *Emotional Intelligence* presents neurological research indicating that to let it all hang out, in the manner of the Sixties, isn't the path of the smart heart. Anger, for instance, is actually stoked rather than minimized if you vent it as soon as it makes itself felt.

6) The most intriguing of the big self-help books may be Richard Carlson's diminutive *Don't Sweat the Small Stuff* (1997). Consisting of 100 very practical tips for "becoming more peaceful," Carlson's book encourages gratitude, humility, and putting things in perspective.

Not that everything he has to say comes as a revelation. The peculiar aspect of all these books is that while they present their lessons as if freshly discovered, much of what they advocate has been heard before—long before. As I read them I kept checking off points I'd heard my own rabbi make.

I can testify that Gray's insight about listening to women is straight out of the injunction in the Talmud that one should "lean down and listen to your wife." Carlson's suggestion that we "learn to find holiness in seemingly ugly circumstances" recapitulates the fundamental lesson of Deuteronomy 6:4, with its assertion of God's oneness and the unity of creation. Needless to say, Dr. Laura's endorsement of sexual self-control did not originate with herself.

Alone among the self-help stars, Thomas Moore understands what's going on here. He explains that "we have lost our wisdom about the soul" but "we can look to the past for guidance in re-

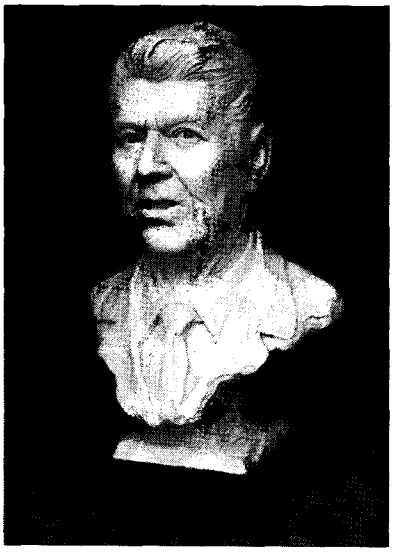
President Ronald Reagan

"The Great Communicator"

by Bernardo Nano Lopez

Coldcast 21" x 13" x 9"

$695

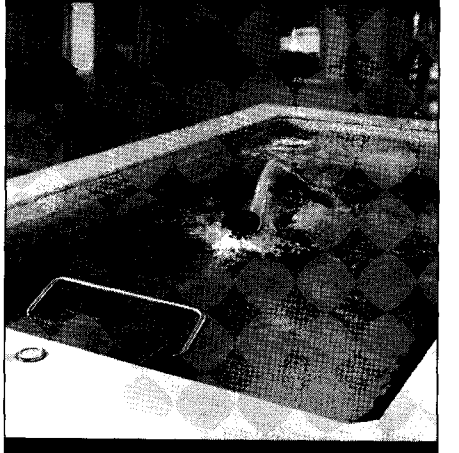


Fox International, Inc. Fine Art

For more information visit our web site at www.FoxBronzeArt.com

To order call 1-800-767-8851

Swim At Home™



Swim or exercise against a smooth current adjustable to any speed or ability. Ideal for swimming, water aerobics, rehabilitation and fun. The 8' x 15' Endless Pool™ is simple to maintain, economical to run, and easy to install inside or outdoors.

Call (800) 732-8660

For FREE BROCHURE

Visit www.endlesspools.com or write Endless Pools, Inc. 200 E Dutton Mill Rd, Dept. 412 Aston, PA 19014

ENDLESS POOLS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

storing this wisdom." In the last couple of centuries, the transmission of wisdom from generation to generation broke down.

Religious faith was once universally understood to encompass and affect every single aspect of life, not just what you believed about abstruse theological questions. From parents and clergymen, you learned how to be a contented person. The modern conception of religion is much narrower, thus less relevant, and hence much more likely to be neglected in the teaching of the young. We keep religion in a little box, and such boxes are notorious for getting mislaid.

When the train of transmission through faith was interrupted, we modern people were thrown back on the resources of our own reason. Wisdom about how to live our lives could be recovered imperfectly by applying common sense to life's problems. When self-help teachers recently began arriving at conclusions their ancestors had known perfectly well, conclusions directly opposed to the bogusness of much previous self-help material, they taught the "new" information as if they were scientists who had identified properties of the physical world by investigation alone. Hence the scientific veneer of Daniel Goleman and the pseudo-mathematical one of Stephen Covey.

A verse in Genesis illuminates the two sources of wisdom, secular and sacred. Abraham, the octogenarian patriarch, has just had a prophetic vision: "And he believed in the Lord, and He reckoned it to him as righteousness." Though Abraham had believed in God since he was young man, he arrived at that belief through reasoning and common sense. Not until now did he know God through faith.

Already the religious underpinnings of the best self-help books are starting to be recognized—as Laura Schlessinger's *Ten Commandments* makes clear. Most likely, other books like hers are already in production or soon will be, probably by clergymen with a more direct link to the old traditions than Dr. Laura has. These as yet unknown authors will reconnect practical wisdom with its ancient roots. When they do, it will be accounted to them as righteousness, to us as good fortune, and to Barnes & Noble as a bonanza. **NR**

■ **FILM** ■

Some Rosy, Some Rugged

JOHN SIMON

IMPOSSIBLE as it is to keep up with the plethora of movies unleashed at year's end, let me at least cover three here. Perhaps the most successful, and most noxious, is ***Patch Adams***, based, we are proudly told, "upon a true story," the life of a Virginia doctor whose radical treatment of often terminal patients, though unable to cure them, lets them die laughing. But what does a true story mean in Hollywood? There is indeed a Dr. Hunter "Patch" Adams in Virginia, who runs the Gesundheit Institute, "dedicated," we are informed, "to a more connected, personalized approach to medicine." I can believe that Steve Oedekerk's screenplay and Tom Shadyac's direction follow the broad outline of the case, but their embroidering, especially as embodied by the now totally over-the-top Robin Williams, at best holds up a fun-house mirror to the truth.

The movie is a wall-to-wall red-carpet treatment of Williams, continuing what the no less offensive *What Dreams May Come* began: The already beatified Williams is now sanctified by *Patch Adams*. The medical student he plays is irresistible to all but a Draconian head doctor at the hospital where Patch is finishing his studies, and where students, doctors, nurses, and patients are equally convulsed by his jokes. Everyone overflows with beaming adulation you can cut not just with a scalpel, but even with the trowel with which it is all laid on.

The jokes are mostly on the order of the enema bulb Patch dons as a clown's nose, the bedpan he wears as a hat, and the oversize shoes he must, I suppose, pay for himself. His jokes are occasionally amusing, more often desperate. Of course, the beautiful, unapproachable ice queen of a fellow medical student (nicely played by Monica Potter) falls for the homely, overage, never-seen-studying-but-always-top-grade-earning fellow, even if tragedy thwarts a lasting fulfillment. Finally, in the unlikeliest of trial scenes—merely a medical board's assessment of Patch's activities, but presented as a presidential impeachment trial in the Senate—Patch is exonerated before cheering multitudes. You can practically see the halo around that noble brow, even as your nostrils fill up with the odor of sanctity—or something rather worse.

If I were dying, I'm not sure I would choose a circus clown to ease my passage, particularly one with the smugness of Robin Williams. About the actual Gesundheit Institute, I am not so sure; it might well be my destination if I were suffering from a case of that unstoppable sneezing I have read about.

■

If I were dying, I'm not sure I would choose a circus clown to ease my passage.

■

■ ***A Simple Plan*** begins in a small struggling midwestern town on the afternoon before New Year's Eve, which makes this snow-covered thriller as *blanc* as a film noir can get. Three men chasing a fox in nearby woods stumble on the snowed-over wreckage of a small plane, containing a duffel bag with $4.4 million in cash. Hank, the smartest, has a humble job in a feed store and a librarian wife, Sarah, who is expecting. Lou, a sort of good ole boy midwestern-style, is unemployed, as is his friend Jacob, Hank's brother, not quite right in the head but possessed of a certain moral sense.

After much debating, it is decided to let Hank hide the loot until such time as he can decide whether it is safe to divvy it up or better to burn it. Predictably, things go wrong in various ways; eventually, two of the three men, along with some others, will be dead, and no one will profit from the find. It is an old story—famed all the way from "The Pardoner's Tale" to *The Treasure of the Sierra Madre*—but, as Heine said in a different context, it is ever new. Here it is decidedly full of the most bizarre twists and turns, as written by Scott B. Smith

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

from his own novel, and directed by Sam Raimi, known hitherto only for horror films.

Horror-film elements duly pop up, notably in the form of threatening and aggressive crows in the trees around the wreck, one of which wounds Hank in the forehead—a kind of mark of Cain. In Alar Kivilo's apt cinematography, these birds of evil omen, so black against the surrounding whiteness, objectify the dark that lurks in human hearts. And though the snow is steadily falling, it can obliterate the tracks of the evildoers, but not cancel out their pangs of conscience.

From the initial shots of a fox raiding a chicken coop, an atmosphere of rapacity is established, to which even seemingly harmless slobs such as Jacob and Lou—the village idiot and the town drunk—readily fall prey. There is a good deal of gallows humor amid the cleverly managed violence, yet the laughter tends properly to stick in the craw. Danny Elfman's music, often mere electronic cacophony, is never overdone, and steadily suggestive. The dialogue and characterization are rich in detail, and the constant surprises do not, for the most part, strain credibility.

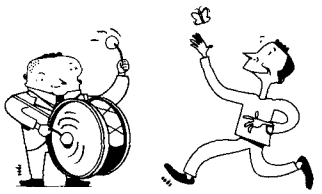
The ultimate strength is in the rendering of change. Thus the apparently sensible and somewhat mousy Sarah, admirably played by Bridget Fonda, first dispenses prudent advice, but turns into a master strategist of crime even while incongruously dandling her baby in her arms. Both Hank, enacted with fine modulations by Bill Paxton, and Jacob, whose oafishness and decency are touchingly conveyed by Billy Bob Thornton, earn our sympathy despite their guilt, and the rest of the cast, notably Brent Briscoe as Lou, hardly lags behind. And, however it was achieved, the performance of the crows is something to crow about.

■ As feelgood movies go, there's none better than ***You've Got Mail***. Remotely based on Ernst Lubitsch and Samson Raphaelson's *The Shop Around the Corner*, in turn adapted from a Hungarian hit play, Nora Ephron's romantic comedy does yeoman's service to the fun of e-mail with strangers, the joy of living on New York's Upper West Side, and anybody's dreamed-of sugar intake. Yet the screenplay by the Ephron sisters, Nora and Delia, artfully offsets this sweetness with wry megalopolitan humor, so that even jaded viewers need not choke on it.

The plot offers a cozy Upper West Side children's bookstore, The Shop Around the Corner, which pert and plucky Kathleen Kelly inherited from her mother, along with its perky, user-friendly staff. What should arrive a few blocks down but a huge branch store of gigantic Fox Books, an empire whose crown prince is smooth Joe Fox. The two shopkeepers become worst enemies, even though, unbeknown to them, they are affectionate computer correspondents, sharing nearly everything except their real names.

To complicate matters, each has a live-in lover. His is an enterprising, smart-talking book editor played by the sleek Parker Posey; hers a high-powered newspaper columnist, Frank Navasky, enacted by the dapper Greg Kinnear. But the protagonist is the nook-and-crannied Upper West Side, which John Lindley shoots with slick-magazine chic to spare. Costumes are duly mouthwatering; the background music is 24-carat oldies, rubbing against us as insidiously as a love-hungry pussycat.

The stars provide topnotch spectator sport. Tom Hanks, even when Joe is at his most annoying, gushes charm like the fountains of Versailles water. As he grows more serious about the girl who seems to hate him, he makes us root for him as if he were embroiled in a serious contest of uncertain outcome. Even more prodigious is Meg Ryan, whose often caramelized vehicles belie her inherent spunk. (Catch her in a very different role in the unpleasant but expert *Hurlyburly*.) As Kathleen, she walks the razor's edge of cuteness with the assurance she might deploy shaving her legs. In Riverside Park, when she finally realizes that her two loves are one and the same, her face and body become transparent, and we can follow every incremental stirring of anxiety, dawning awareness, and overwhelming bliss. **NR**



Conservative? Liberal?

Gilbert! magazine is soundly Conservative (we believe in preserving what is good in the past).

Gilbert! magazine is wildly Liberal (we believe in the removal of what is bad in the present).

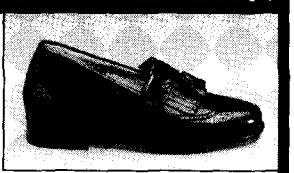
We've taken our inspiration and approach (and our name) from Gilbert Keith Chesterton.

***Gilbert!* Magazine**
3050 Gap Knob Road
New Hope KY 40052 USA

Credit card orders:
1-800-343-2425
or fax 1-502-325-3091

Yearly Subscriptions, $29.95
(Canadian, $45 in Canadian funds;
overseas, $48 in US funds)

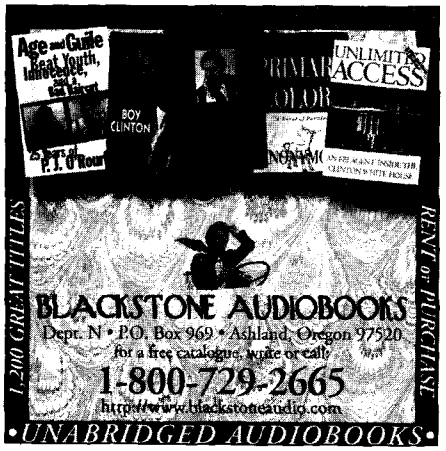
MEN: BE TALLER!!



Tired of being short? Try our quality footwear. HIDDEN height-increasing feature INSIDE shoe. NO OVERSIZED HEELS! Will make you 2"-3" TALLER depending on style. OVER 100 STYLES AVAILABLE. Extremely comfortable. Sizes: 5-12 Widths: B-EEE. In business over 55 years. MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE. Call or write for FREE color catalog.

ELEVATORS®
RICHLEE SHOE COMPANY, DEPT. NR-92
P.O. BOX 3566, FREDERICK, MD 21705

1-800-290-TALL



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

■ ART ■

Still Lives

JAMES GARDNER

STAND still even for an instant at the Whitney's Duane Hanson show and you're apt to become the object of impertinent inspection. Its 24 life-size human figures are so precisely rendered, down to the smallest follicle and pore, that visitors to the show can't always tell the quick from the dead.

It is fascinating, nevertheless, to watch the interaction of the twain. For some viewers, these sculptures have the simple, eerie fascination of wax figures at Mme Tussaud's. But because those depict celebrities while these depict the man and woman in the street, certain critics and many viewers have chosen to see them as savage commentaries on the working classes, as well as on the existential condition of post-modern man.

In the Whitney's catalogue, for example, Marco Livingstone views Hanson as a kind of polychrome George Segal, whose plaster-cast zombies positively oozed fear and loathing back in the late Sixties. Speaking of the depiction of an old couple on a bench, Livingstone writes: "Familiarity has long since bred the utmost contempt . . . they have chosen to sit as far apart as possible, the yawning gap between them conveying the terrible emotional distance and alienation that have come to govern their relationship." Likewise he says of Rita the Waitress, as she fills out a check in her apron and sensible shoes: "The uniform she is forced to wear deprives her of her individuality and of the possibility of personal expression. . . . Her down-turned gaze speaks volumes," etc.

But is that what Hanson really meant? Hanson's world consists of people whom we see everywhere, but who are largely invisible, as if they existed at the very peripheries of our vision. We have never really looked at them, or at ourselves for that matter, and it is Hanson's gift, by bracketing them within the context of art, to reveal them for the first time. Hanson has Tom Wolfe's unerring eye for the details that betray class and status. In *Tourists II* the man's Hawaiian shirt and shorts, like the polyester tote bag and double-knit trousers stretching round the wide girth of his wife, define this couple as accurately as any DNA sample. Clearly of the suburban middle class, they are distinguished from *House Painter* or *Flea Market Vendor* or *Policeman*. All of these sculptures furnish the same kind of mimetic pleasure as a street performer aping the gait of unsuspecting passersby.

Hanson's work is generally seen as Pop Art. But he is best conceived as a sculptural equivalent of the Photorealists of the Seventies and Eighties. He began his career as a formalist in the early post-war period, but he never quite pulled off the vaguely Brancusi-esque, vaguely cubistic ambitions that informed those works. Then, in the mid Sixties, he made some distinctly unpleasant and macabre works like *Gangland Victim* and *Motorcycle Accident*, which featured life-size figures partially altered and abstracted through the gruesomeness of their deaths.

Only in the next decade did Hanson hit upon the painted life-casts, equipped

Duane Hanson, *Tourists II*, 1988

with real garments and accessories, that are most typical of him. Seeing these works singly over the years, I suspected his motives. In part that was because, in recent seasons, the art world has hawked a kind of politicized art that adulates the outsider, the marginalized, even as it sucks shamelessly up to glamour and wealth. But for all its egalitarian posturings, it tends to have only contempt for the middle and working classes. This is not so much the snobbery of the upper classes towards their presumptive inferiors, but of the self-consciously trendy toward those who do not go to the Whitney or read the art periodicals.

There was reason, then, to worry that this exhibition could turn into a kind of human zoo, a parading of working- and middle-class types for the unseemly amusement of their self-styled betters. And yet, having learned more about Hanson's life and looked more closely at his art, I now see that he intended nothing of the sort. On the contrary, he very much identified with his subjects. To a remarkable degree his work is free of the irony that corrodes so much of the recent art that it superficially resembles.

As evidence of this I adduce that although Hanson (1925–1996) was born in Minnesota, he spent much of his career in Florida—and it shows. Most of his sitters seem to be Floridians, and Hanson himself may just be the only denizen of the Sunshine State ever to make it big in the art world. A photograph in the catalogue reveals him in a natty Frank Gifford–esque sports jacket and print shirt. You can almost see the pink flamingoes and taste the piña coladas with paper parasols. Hanson is flanked by his wife and daughter, nice-looking women with big hair and even bigger smiles, and by a son, Duane Jr., who smiles just as eagerly through serious braces. Clearly Hanson feels no ironic distance from his subjects: Theirs is a world to which he himself belongs.

But this is unacceptable to many in the art world. In order for Hanson to be worthy of their attention at all, he has to be "problematized," as they say in the pages of *Artforum*. And this explains those misreadings to which, I believe, Marco Livingstone subjects the artist. What Livingstone is really responding to is a technical rather than a thematic element in Hanson's art. The fact that his faces never express anything, that they always seem to be in a state of suspended neutrality, is misread as an intentional rendering of emotional dislocation or something of the sort. Far from it! In fact, Hanson is in the nature of a taxidermist who can master the details of his sitters, but is neither interested nor able to capture their fugitive spirit. What Livingstone and many others have mistaken for the deeper subtext in Hanson's art is really only the upper limit of this man's considerable skill, beyond which, however, he can go no higher. NR

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

■ CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS ■

HOTELS

HOTEL Bedford

Your Key To New York

118 E. 40th Street, New York, NY 10016

Between Park and Lexington Avenues...on Manhattan's fashionable East Side. Ideally located for business, Fifth Avenue Shops, Entertainment and Fine Dining.

Special National Review Rates

Reservations: 800-221-6881(USA & Canada)
FAX (212) 697-1093

Rated One of New York City "Best Value" Hotels." ...Zagats

New York's all suite hotel located in the heart of the city, near corporations, theatre & great restaurants. Affordable elegance with all the amenities of home.

MURRAY HILL EAST SUITES

149 E. 39th St. (Bet 3rd & Lex) New York, NY 10016

Reservations 1-800-248-9999

Ask about our special National Review rates.

LITERARY

PUBLISH YOUR BOOK

Pentland Press, Inc.
USA · ENGLAND · SCOTLAND

Established publisher can arrange the editing, design, publication, promotion, warehousing and distribution of your book. **Write to: Pentland Press, Dept.NR, 5122 Bur Oak Circle, Raleigh, NC, 27612 or call: 1-800-948-2786**

GOOD USED BOOKS—wide variety, intelligent selection. Libraries buy regularly; you can too. History, fiction, social science, literature, miscellaneous subjects. Send $2 for listings of 25,000 titles. Editions, Desk NR, Boiceville, N.Y. 12412. www.nleditions.com

AUTHORS: Successful subsidy publisher transforms manuscripts into quality books, promotes, distributes. Free evaluation. 800-278-8533. www.rutledgebooks.com

NONFICTION PAPERBACK: search—UP FROM TQM—at amazon.com or call 800-882-3273.

UNRAVEL A MYSTERY! Armchair Detectives call for free catalogue of vintage to '70s mystery books. E-mail: hil@mindspring.com or phone: 717-532-8213.

DEISM—THE SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY of Jefferson, Franklin, Paine, etc. $2 for sample copy of Think! newsletter. World Union of Deists, Box 47026, St. Petersburg, Fla. 33743. http://www.deism.com

T-SHIRTS/BUMPER STICKERS

"DO YOU BELIEVE POLITICS AS USUAL WILL BRING WORLD PEACE?": 5 free bumper stickers against overgoverning. Box 3652, Chapel Hill, N.C. 27515.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

CAREER BURNOUT? Home health business, serious income. Free information: 800-925-2494.

RELIGION

LOOKING FOR A CHURCH that still teaches traditional values? Call the Anglican Catholic Church Information Center. 800-506-7616. www.anglicancatholic.org

PERSONAL

NATIVE FLORENTINE, ATTRACTIVE, petite, personable lady, 59, well-traveled, appreciation for languages, performing arts, concerts, traditional values. Seeking communicative, charming, established gentleman, 63–73. Photo please. NR Box 2406.

FRIENDSHIP, ETC.

SMART IS SEXY. Date fellow graduates and faculty of the Ivies, Seven Sisters, Stanford, M.I.T., University of Chicago, UCB, Northwestern, Johns Hopkins, medical schools and a few others. THE RIGHT STUFF: 800-988-5288. www.rightstuffdating.com

SINGLE BOOKLOVERS, linked nationally since 1970. P. O. Box 117, Gradyville, Pa. 19039. 800-773-3437 or www.singlebooklovers.com

MEET WOMEN WORLDWIDE FOR LOVE AND MARRIAGE! World's #1 Personal Ad Service since 1974! Free 32-page Photo Magazine: Cherry Blossoms, P. O. Box 190-NR, Kapaau, Hawaii 96755. 800-322-3267 (Ext. 48). cherry@blossoms.com or www.cherry-blossoms.com/?adid=048

MEET LATIN LADIES! Mexico–South America. Photo catalogues, videos, tours. Free fotobrochures! T.L.C., P. O. Box 924994-NR, Houston, Texas 77292-4994. 713-896-9224. www.tlcworldwide.com

ASIAN WOMEN Desire Marriage! Established 1984! Free Photobrochure! SUNSHINE INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE, P. O. Box 5500-FH, Kailua-Kona, Hawaii 96745-5500. 808-325-7707. http://sunshine-girls.com

ASIAN BEAUTIES! Worldwide! Romance, Lifemates! P.I.C., Box 461873–NR, Los Angeles, Calif. 90046. 323-650-1994. www.pacisl.com

NR REPRINTS AVAILABLE

"The War On Drugs Is Lost" ($1.70)
"NR's 40th Anniversary Issue" ($2.95)
"The Real Reagan Record" ($2.95)
"To Be a Pilgrim—WFB's Visit to Lourdes" ($1)
"The 100 Best Conservative Movies" ($1.50)

(Please add 50 cents for shipping and handling.)
Bulk prices available for all upon request.

Send to:
NATIONAL REVIEW
215 Lexington Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016
Specify selection.

CLASSIFIED INFORMATION

Rates: $4.50 per word (10-word minimum). Phone number, zip code, all permitted abbreviations (P.O.Box,S.A.S.E.,etc.) count as one word.

Discounts: 4 times, $4.00 per word; 6 times, $3.75 per word; 8 or more times, $3.50 per word.

Display Ads: Minimum 1 inch, maximum 9 inches (vertical). Width 2 1/4 inches. One time, $225 per column inch; 4 times, $200 per column inch; 8 times, $185 per column inch; 10 or more times, $175 per column inch. Camera-ready art (to size) must be provided. Display rates apply to Classified section only.

NR Box Numbers: $10 additional (one-time only charge). When responding to an *NR* Box number, Address: *NR* Box ____, c/o Tony Savage, *NATIONAL REVIEW*, 215 Lexington Ave., New York, N.Y. 10016. Letters will be forwarded by 1st class mail.

To Order: Full payment in advance by check, money order (payable to *NATIONAL REVIEW*), MasterCard, or Visa (include expiration date). Address: Tony Savage, *NATIONAL REVIEW*, 215 Lexington Ave., New York, N.Y. 10016. FAX: 212-696-0340. Tel. 212-679-7330.

Deadlines: Every other Tuesday (approx. 16 days before the magazine is printed). Upcoming deadlines: Feb. 2nd & 16th; March 2nd & 16th.

NEED A CABINMATE FOR *NR*'S BALTIC CRUISE?

DON'T MISS THIS GREAT VOYAGE BECAUSE YOU CAN'T AFFORD TO GO "SINGLE." NR CAN FIND YOU A ROOMIE. (OF THE SAME SEX!)

CALL JACK FOWLER AT 212-679-7330 (ext. 2831)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY JR.

Did You Ever Commit Adultery?

NEW YORK, JANUARY 5

In a recent exchange on *Crossfire*, Michael Kinsley of *Slate* magazine asked Randy Tate of the Christian Coalition whether he thought it right that every candidate for political office should be asked the question, Have you ever been guilty of adultery? Kinsley is a skilled polemicist and he knew that he—that his side—had nothing to lose by asking the question. If Tate said Yes, Kinsley could have gone on in an ad absurdum direction. ("When should these questions be posed to the candidates, before they run, or when they are nominated? Should the candidates be made to answer the questions under oath? Should they submit to polygraph tests to see if they are being truthful? Should local papers advertise for evidence to the contrary?") So what did Tate do? He went on at digressive length about the importance of setting high standards. He was of course right and, of course, he did not answer Kinsley's question.

So that logic-choppers are left wondering, If it is not required of a politician that he should have led a blameless life, why then did Robert Livingston feel he had to resign his position as Speaker-elect? The answer to that question is partly speculative, partly it is tied to circumstance. Perhaps Mr. Livingston was throwing in the towel before his past habits were flashed on widescreen, revealing something a little different from a one-night stand, or a single engrossing passion. And then the revelation was done at just the wrong psychological moment: The House was minutes away from impeaching the president and an impulse was brewing to call on Mr. Clinton to end the national misery by simply resigning. The burden of the moment then fell very heavily on Mr. Livingston. He was standing before the altar at the moment when the minister asks if there is any reason why the ceremony should not go forward . . . that added up to unbearable pressure to get out of the way of Larry Flynt's searchlight.

But Randy Tate not having answered Kinsley's question doesn't exempt others more practiced in polemics from exploring it. The implicit premise of the Kinsley position is: The whole business about adultery is silly. Adultery is the way of life of a swarm of people and the idea that none of these is entitled to hold office is preposterous. And of course he is right. An act of adultery doesn't require exhibiting a scarlet letter on your chest for the balance of your life. On the other hand, adultery is not a trivial offense. So how do aspirant candidates handle the question?

Dan Quayle handled it by saying, flatly, that he had never erred on his conjugal pledges.

That was a very bad move. In 1952, when Richard Nixon gave his Checkers speech, he announced that he would in effect hand over a copy of his income tax returns to the press. That gesture infuriated presidential candidate and running mate Dwight Eisenhower. Nixon's flourish put pressure on him (and on opponent Adlai Stevenson) to do the same thing. Ike was embarrassed because he had been anxious to conceal the paucity of his gifts to charity, a husbandry West Pointers in the Twenties had got into trying to raise families on $150 per month. Vice President Gore got stung on the same count a few months ago, caught up giving a total of three and one-half peanuts to charity in the preceding year.

But such questions should not be asked. On the Johnny Carson program one time I was asked (not by Carson) whether I had ever smoked marijuana. I said that that was not a proper question, and I curse myself for having nevertheless gone on to answer it. We need something like a bond by legislators and candidates, to the effect that such questions are out of order and that those who do answer such questions will be excluded from polite company.

Now this has nothing to do with the gravity of the offense, but has much to do with an understanding of life's complexities. The adultery of the soldier on leave in Vietnam is different from de facto polygamy on Park Avenue; different, certainly, from exhibitionistic revelry in the hallway of the Oval Office. A candidate for office in the House of Commons in the last election made no effort to conceal his sexual behavior, on the contrary he brought attention to it in an autobiography. That kind of thing goes, or does not go, depending on cultural coordinates. The greatest social problem in America is one-parent households. These happen because of casual sex, but also because of post-marital desertions. To encourage the survival of correct standards of sexual behavior is a public objective, but it is hindered by hamhanded treatment and procrustean questionnaires.

What Next in U.S.A. *v.* Clinton?

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 29

Well, troops, where do we go from here?

The question was raised by a conservative policy intellectual, and the conversation went something like this . . .

—The case for convicting the president of perjury and the obstruction of justice has been made. Why should Senator Lott (who will be in charge of arrangements on D-Day) call any witnesses?

Comment. The prosecution has only theatrical reasons for calling witnesses. The case against Clinton has been made and is lapidary. But inasmuch as there is politics inevitably tied up in the entire operation, the prosecution might think it worthwhile to introduce flesh-and-blood witnesses, even if only for the purpose of letting them be seen. Betty Currie, for example, would inevitably disclose the progressive obstruction of the real story involving the gifts to Monica, their return, and the staging involved in the process. The defense, of course, is at liberty to call witnesses and probably will.

—Yes, but since no principals are likely to help the case for the defense—what, actually, would Lewinsky, or Tripp, or Betty Currie, say or do that could help Clinton on the perjury matter or the obstruction of justice? Probably the witnesses would be historian-types, isn't that likely?

Comment. Yes, but the handling of the whole thing would need to be very delicate. The House has acted—impeachment is done. The Senate will not treat kindly an invitation by an Alan Dershowitz to reject the impeachment motion on the grounds that the Congressmen who voted it don't know the ABC's of the Constitution.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Given that impeachment proceedings are so rare, individual senators are likely to think of themselves as participating in a Constitutional Convention: They are at liberty to make their own rules, and act on their own thinking.

—What is the duty of the conservative senator?

Comment. The same duty as that of any other senator. But life being as it is, Republicans are likely to vote to convict, Democrats to acquit. And of course the Republican majority doesn't add up to the two-thirds required to convict.

—At what point does the dialogue turn from conviction of the president to censure?

Comment. The presiding officer will be the Chief Justice of the United States and he could rule talk of censure as out of order until a vote was done on conviction or acquittal. However, a majority of the Senate could overrule him, permitting the discussion to go forward. The moment might come when the majority leader, counting noses, admits a need to move in another direction.

—What, then, is the obligation of the senator who is convinced that Clinton should be relieved of his office? If he sees that the vote isn't there to convict, how should he react to a change in venue, from ejection to mere reprimand?

Comment. A censure can have teeth. One version going the rounds would require the president to agree to desist in any enterprise related to fund-raising for the party or for a candidate. And of course any insistence that he agree to having lied theoretically exposes him to post-presidential prosecution, though the prospect of Clinton going from the White House to Alcatraz is ephemeral. And then there is a legal argument that he could not bind himself to reject a pardon from the successor president—nothing this Senate does diminishes the absolute power of a future president to pardon anybody he likes, except of course, Pinochet.

—What is the argument for refusing to acquiesce in a censure on the grounds that the condign punishment is removal from office?

Comment. But that's the half-loaf better than no-loaf argument, and it is persuasive. The Republican senator who would vote for conviction and sees that conviction is not going to happen can ponder the analogy: If a defendant outwits the prosecution and saves himself from the electric chair, should we decline the option to give him a lesser punishment, even a month in jail? No, the senator stops short of participating in the ceremony only if the wording of the proposed censure is such as to seek to discredit the case made by the House of Representatives and by history. Thomas More is useful here—he would cooperate with the king, but not renounce his honor. The Senate would feel that a long step in the direction of justice had been taken if a majority votes for conviction, in which event history would note that the president was saved only by a non-democratic feature of the Constitution.

Stupid? Ignorant? Seduced? Contrary?

NEW YORK, JANUARY 1

THE analysis of the problems faced by senators in their upcoming confrontation with impeachment goes on day and night. In a half day's survey of data floating about, the reader/viewer comes upon a professor who explains that the big difference in the Congressional scene is that Congressmen are selected from narrowly specified areas and can therefore execute customized mandates. Senators, by contrast, represent amalgams. This fact, the professor concluded, means that the great current popularity of Mr. Clinton (73 percent) will more likely be reflected by the second chamber, which will decline to convict, in contrast to the first chamber, which proceeded to impeach.

A second item of the day was an account of Marion Barry's final departure from office as mayor of Washington, D.C. He is planning, one hears, to settle down in Alexandria. This recalls a blurb given by Evelyn Waugh to Nancy Mitford for one of her books. Mr. Waugh did a little biographical summary which ended, "After the war, Miss Mitford voted the socialist ticket. Having done her best to make England uninhabitable, she went to France to live."

A third item was an obituary note on the author William Gaddis, done in *The New Yorker*. "He found everything artificial and deceptive and conspiratorial—counterfeit. That was his great theme. After all, Gaddis himself once remarked, 'Stupidity—and I don't mean ignorance—is a central issue of our time.' "

Is that the right way to describe the rise in popularity of Bill Clinton to the all-time high of 73 percent following upon his impeachment by the majority of the elected legislators in Washington? Note, we are talking here about popularity, not about ouster from office. Something is askew when popularity goes up after a weighty tribunal decides that there is reason to remove someone from office on the grounds that he has lied and tried to obstruct justice. Mayor Barry was caught smoking crack cocaine and after *that* he was reelected to a fifth term. What do those popularity figures tell us?

Thirty years ago, opposing the then-equivalent of today's motor-voter bill (you effect voter registration when you go pick up your driver's license), I was angrily accosted by a public figure who demanded to know just who I thought should *not* vote. My answer, the 30 percent of Americans who have never heard of the United Nations. That was the figure, in the late Sixties, and I don't know what a comparable datum today would hang on—Identify the Civil War? One third of students asked that question, not long ago, failed to place the Civil War within 50 years of when it happened. In this space a few weeks ago I noted the answers given in a *college* quiz administered to 27 students, including upperclassmen, to the question, "Name a composer of classical music who wrote music in the 20th century." Twenty-two students out of the 27 couldn't come up with anybody. One named "Yanni"; one Randy Rhoads (rock guitarist); one, Beethoven; one, Pavarotti. For some reason, William Gaddis refused to name such gentry as ignorant—he insisted they were stupid. He was wrong, of course.

We come now to the mystifying paradox, revealed yet again in an analysis of the educational background of the voters of New York in the last election. Those who had less than high-school training tended most heavily to vote Democratic. Those who graduated from high school and from college tended to vote Republican. Ah, but those who went on to postgraduate work tended to vote Democratic. They had presumably sublimated the stratospheric insights of the illiterate class.

But we are counseled to focus on the spin factor. If the information is so deployed as to confuse, or to excite irrelevant emotions, then you are not getting a disinterested reading of public opinion. *60 Minutes* recently examined a focus group in which it was documented that Clinton had only to mention "private life" in order to get an acquiescent jolt on the popularity-meter. "Perjury" got a negative reaction. These data, it was told, are devoured by the White House before any public pronouncements are made. Read large-screen, this seems to be saying: A lot of Americans have been seduced into thinking that a vote against Clinton is a vote to unlock their bedroom doors. Therefore? Therefore tell Gallup you are pro-Clinton.

Where to go? Fatalistically. Remember, Only in America, where wonderful things also happen.

—UNIVERSAL PRESS SYNDICATE

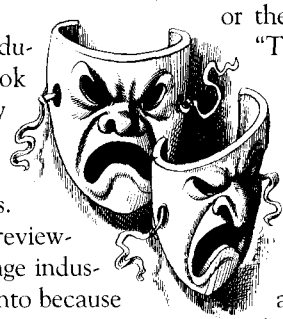
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

■ THE MISANTHROPE'S CORNER ■

FLORENCE KING

My peace has been disturbed. An institution of higher learning and fine madness has asked me to teach a course in book reviewing.

Naturally I said no, but not in my usual fashion, i.e., with intent to wound. I didn't tell them to have their heads examined, and even stifled my favorite rejoinder, "I'd love to but I just don't want to." (Note: works like a stun gun; highly recommended for all invitations.) I simply gave them a polite excuse because I felt a column coming on and did not want to enervate my thoughts in a pointless fight with strangers. I saved them, Gentle Reader, for you.



Why in hell do undergraduates need a course in book reviewing? We're so busy "making education a priority" that most of them can't even read. A few lit. crits. earn a full-time living from reviewing, but basically it's a cottage industry, a sideline that you fall into because you're a compulsive reader.

I started while working for the Raleigh *News & Observer* and wasn't even paid (newspaper staffers aren't). There were no "educational requirements"; the books were stacked in towering piles on the editor's office floor and I was told to pick out whatever I wanted. I still remember my first review—*Dearest Vicky*, the letters of Queen Victoria to her eldest daughter. I had no idea what I was doing but I kept on doing it, eventually receiving my first thank-you note from an author: John Quirk, whose novel about the Detroit auto industry, *The Hard Winners*, I can still recommend.

Now, 35 years later, I know what I'm doing, but there's no way to teach it. That, of course, would not faze the Educationists, who promote the theory of "learning by doing" only when it serves their anti-intellectualism; in practice, they demand academic credits, paper credentials, and incessant course-taking before anybody can do anything. If they ever got hold of reviewing it would suffer the same fate as the public schools. We would have licensed graduates of Advanced Book Reviewing, Book Reviewing Dynamics, Book Reviewing Resources, Book Reviewing: An Overview, and no book reviewers.

For what it's worth, here are some tips on reviewing, offered free of tuition charges to anyone who is interested.

1. A book review is NOT a book report. It's a news story about a book and needs a brisk journalistic lead. DO NOT think you can just "tell what it's about." That's how you describe a book to a friend; a review must analyze.

2. DO NOT use the word "compelling" or the phrase "quite simply," as in: "This is quite simply her best novel to date." DO NOT say "I loved . . . " as in "I loved the description of the sunset." It's cloying—what the British so aptly call "twee." If any author describes a sunset, hit him with the anonymous editor's advice: "There are two things that cannot be described. One of them is a sunset." DO NOT call any author a "national treasure," even if he is.

3. DO NOT review murder mysteries. If you can't get out of it, stop reading just before the end when the murderer is revealed and write the review from a position of ignorance: Once you know whodunit the strain of trying not to tip the author's hand will make you tense and affect your writing.

4. DO NOT review every book you are offered. The editor will lose respect for you and think you're broke, so be fussy. A really awful book can be stimulating; it's the mediocre ones that will kill you, so learn to spot them quickly. Flip through them for certain signs, such as authors who use "folks" and "my friends" in every other sentence: That's not writing, that's talking. Checking out novels is harder; it depends on what just happens to snag your eye, such as "rosy pink nipples." Usually I read about 50 pages before rejecting a novel, e.g., the one based on a 1787 Scottish infanticide case that introduced so many characters so fast that it should have been called *The Thyroid of Midlothian*. Occasionally you can spot a bummer at once, as when I faxed my editor: "I need a substitute for *The Last Virginia Gentleman*. A woman has sex with a horse on page two and I refuse to read it."

5. DO NOT try to be kind. Remember Ambrose Bierce, who "wondered about the possibility of someone doing an English translation of the works of Henry James." If you are hard to please, your praise will be worth something.

6. Reviewing for the *New York Times* will drive you nuts. Whenever you quote directly from a book, you have to give them the page number so they can check it in their copy. It hung over my head like a cloud, ruining my reading pleasure. Finally, when they began requiring page numbers for quotes summarized by reviewers in our own words, I quit. Just as well, since they never assigned me the meaty stuff I enjoy. I'm strong in history, but being neither a historian nor a history professor, I was considered unqualified to review it because my bona fides don't show up in my biog blurb. Reviewer and author must be in the same "field" to convey that sense of lofty expertise the *NYTBR* treasures. My only regret in leaving them is that I did not get the last word. Had they offered me Germaine Greer's *The Change* I was planning to blurb it: "Miss King, a columnist for NATIONAL REVIEW, has had the menopause."

7. DO NOT judge a book by the press releases that come with the review copy. In fact, don't even read them if you think you might have a drinking problem. The surest way to fall off the wagon is being reminded that publishing houses employ people who write " . . . the author's stunning eptitude for martialing words to sew the seeds of revolution."

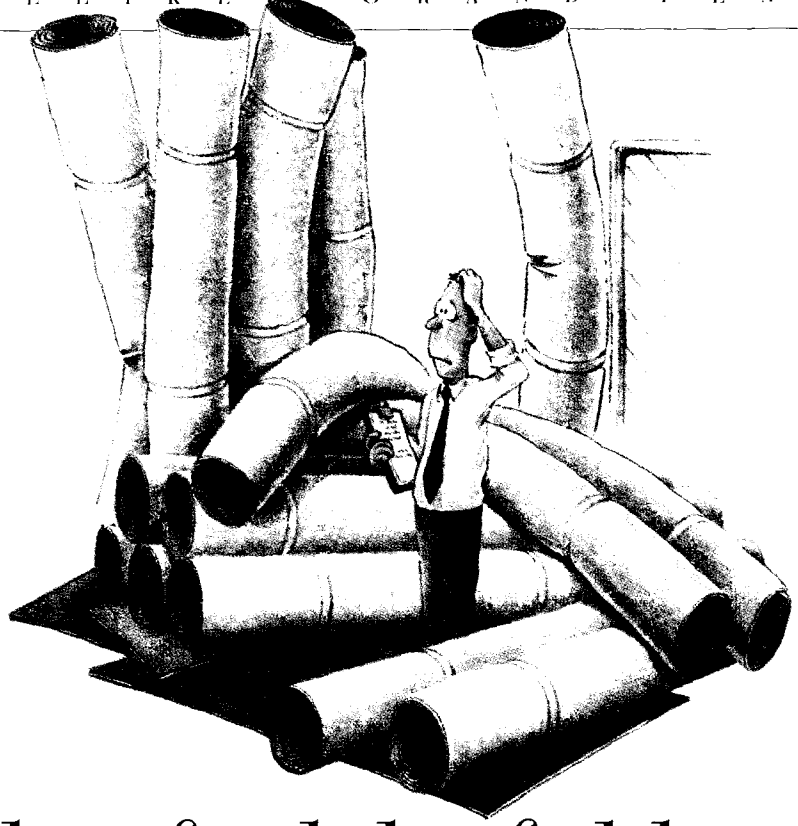
8. DO NOT review any book about Ayn Rand. Even if you rave it, her gremlins will find something to go bananas about and write you a letter: "Dear Social Metaphysician! Examine your anti-Objectivist premises and you will see that your epistemology stinks!!!"

9. If you ever review me, DO NOT call me "erudite." They all do, but it's no compliment. By American intellectual standards, you are considered erudite if you have read *The French Lieutenant's Woman* and *Ivanhoe for Young People*. **NR**

Miss King can be reached at P. O. Box 7113, Fredericksburg, Va. 22404.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MILLIKEN GRAND PLAZA



Quick—find the field pattern for the Mediterranean Room.

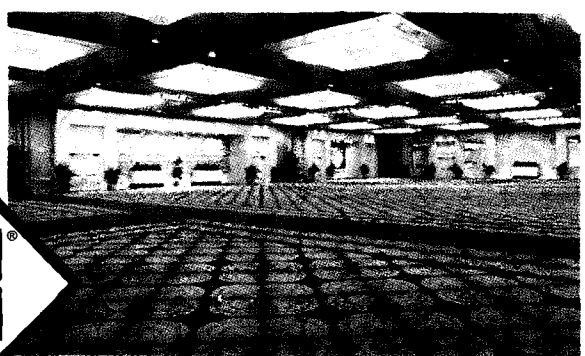
The clock is ticking. In less than an hour, you've got to locate the right carpet pattern, get some of it over to the right room, and fix a nasty hole the caterers just made. All before tonight's conference begins.

If you have broadloom, you know it's a disaster waiting to happen. The answer? A 36-inch square cushioned carpet called Grand Plaza®.

Grand Plaza is the last step in carpet evolution. It's the best of broadloom and modular—with none of the drawbacks.

Because Grand Plaza is modular, it arrives on pallets. Pallets that easily fit onto forklifts or elevators. Pallets that are a breeze to store and access later.

Maybe that's why Grand Plaza is taking its place among the world's most discriminating hotels, casinos and public spaces.



Hilton Hawaiian Village, Waikiki, Hawaii

GRAND® PLAZA

Protect your carpet investment with MilliCare® Environmental Services™

Natural selection at its best.

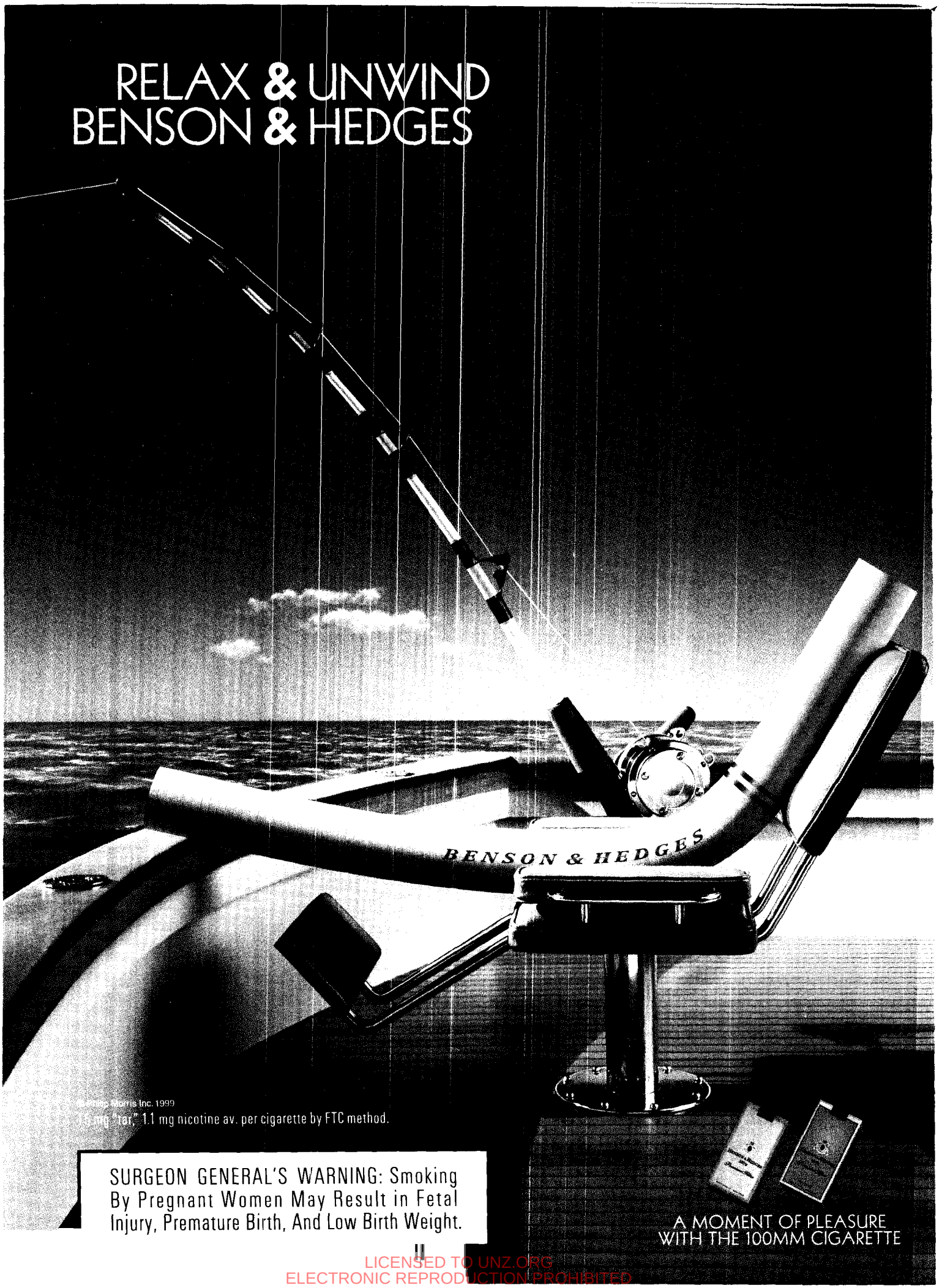
Milliken Carpet

United States Japan United Kingdom

www.millikencarpet.com

If you'd like to know more about Grand Plaza, call 1-800-241-4826, ext. 8716, and we'll send you your free Hospitality Package.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


RELAX & UNWIND
BENSON & HEDGES
BENSON & HEDGES
Philip Morris Inc. 1999
15 mg "tar," 1.1 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.
SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.
A MOMENT OF PLEASURE
WITH THE 100MM CIGARETTE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED